March, 1932

UNITY

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO CHRISTIAN HEALING

15¢

The Eleventh Hour

By Janet Craig

Christ Victorious

By Ernest C. Wilson

HEALING THOUGHT

At 9 p. m. each day, close your eyes and repeat for fifteen minutes silently, and try to realize spiritually, this Healing Thought:

I see myself spiritually—mighty, courageous, strong, healthy

▼ ▼ ▼

PROSPERITY THOUGHT

At 12 noon each day, repeat, for fifteen minutes, audibly and then silently this Prosperity Thought:

I see myself crowned with success, and happy in my prosperity

•

These statements are to be used from

March 20 to April 19

For further explanation of these thoughts turn to page 70

UNITY

Devoted to Christian Healing

CHARLES FILLMORE, *Editor*
GEORGE E. CARPENTER, *Associate Editor*

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The Eleventh Hour

An Easter Story

By JANET CRAIG

"I CAN'T believe it," said Rachel with a quick-drawn breath. "I've heard stories, of course. Who has not? The very air of Galilee seems filled with them. Why, you know, a traveler who passed through a month ago said He even raised the dead. Now, that cannot be true. Your reason tells you that when one is dead his spirit has departed, and even a great prophet could not call it back. No, I have not believed the wonder tales."

"But you must believe now," cried her neighbor, Ruel, joyously. "Your own eyes tell you. You've only to look on me." He stretched out his right hand exultantly. "Three days ago I went into Jerusalem with this arm hanging at my side, shrunken, as it had been since my birth. You know, Rachel; you have known me from our childhood. I could not lift this arm, much less use it. But see it now. To God be the glory! I am healed! And this prophet—Jesus! They say He is the Messiah. I believe in Him, and will give Him my allegiance till death."

"I rejoice with you, Ruel," said Rachel. "I must believe that which my eyes behold."

Ruel went on his way, swinging with elate steps toward the village. He wanted to show every one his healing. He was filled with a burning desire to spread the evangel.

"Rachel," came a low voice from behind the closed shutters of the house.

Rachel turned indoors.

"I thought you were asleep, beloved. I'm afraid Ruel's loud tones awakened you."

She leaned over the couch, sharp pity gripping her

heart. Matthan was paler this morning, and weaker. He had not risen at all, though half the morning was gone. His face was as white as the linen against which he rested. She pressed her lips to his sightless eyes. Her beloved! Her poet lover! He who would take his place among the great of Israel, if only God would give strength of body to match the burning soul within him.

"Rachel, we must wait no longer."

"Beloved, if I thought this strange magician had healing for you, I would go on my knees from here to Jerusalem to entreat Him for you."

"Is Ruel indeed healed?"

"His hand looks strong and whole, like any man's."

"If this should be the Messiah, I must be up, and working at His side."

"Matthan, that cannot be. Why, they say that He is a poor and unlearned man, the son of a joiner out of Nazareth. Let not your dreams carry you away. When the Messiah comes, he will come from Heaven in power and glory, and he will drive out the Roman, and rule his faithful Israel."

"Nevertheless He is from God, if so it be that He can speak a word, and make a man's withered hand whole. We must go. Rachel, Rachel, if I had my eyes, what songs of faith would rise out of my heart for all Israel! And if He can give me my eyes, He can heal this gnawing sickness that eats my strength day by day. Does not one of the village tell of hearing that He gave eyes to the blind? Let us rise and go now."

RACHEL wrung her hands in her distraction. By temperament and experience she was a doubter. Life had dealt her so many hard blows that she had sunk into a mental apathy. She had come to believe that she was singled out for sorrow. She no longer expected joy to touch her life. After loss and sorrow and disappointment, all her love had turned to Matthan the poet. But they had been wedded scarce a year when his eyes began to fail, and now he was blind. Not only that, but some insidious disease was wasting him

away so that she knew she would soon be alone. But, in spite of the wonder tales that had drifted back to this little village hidden among the hills, she could not believe in the prophet. Perhaps he had some strange magic that had healed a man here and there, but it was not for them. And now Matthan, feeble and spent, wanted to take the journey to Jerusalem. Suppose he should die on the way! Suppose they should reach the prophet, only to be spurned! If she could, she would turn Matthan from his purpose.

"Beloved, you could not go today. You could not walk even into the village."

"God will give me strength."

"Rest, today, beloved. If you are better we shall go tomorrow."

"Rachel, we ought not to wait."

"I'll make all ready for the morrow."

"Rachel, we have my father's gold piece that we have kept for the time of need. Go into the village today, and buy a beast for me to ride. Then we shall come to Jerusalem in two days."

Rachel groaned in spirit, but obeyed. She took the precious piece of gold from its hiding place, went into the village, and bought a young ass for Matthan to ride.

ALL DAY Matthan tossed on his couch, talking of the journey on the morrow. There seemed to be a strange urge of haste upon him. He would have started as soon as she returned leading the beast. She put him off, saying that she must bake bread to sustain them on the way, and buy dates, cheese, and olives from the merchant in the village.

But at dawn next day Matthan was moving about. Sightless as he was, he had learned to go about alone. He bathed with care as if for a holy rite. He donned his best robe of white linen, with the outside cloak of fine woven wool to keep off the chill of the early morning. Rachel had given up hope of turning him from his purpose. She made her preparations with the

resignation of one meeting irretrievable disaster. She coaxed him to break his fast, so that he might have strength for the day. She put food in the wallet, and folded a blanket for a saddle. She dressed in her best robe, with border and girdle of woven purple. She bound her beautiful hair with a veil that would drop over her face when she was among strangers.

As the sun came over the hills they set out toward the highroad that led to Jerusalem. It was a surpassingly beautiful morning of spring. Even sad Rachel felt an uplifting of spirit as she walked beside the beast.

The highroad was comparatively deserted. All of the devout who could make the journey into Jerusalem for the Passover had already gone, for this was Thursday of Passover week. Also the merchants of many nationalities who went to Jerusalem this week, as to a huge fair where they would find many customers, had already gone.

The village pair slept in the house of a friendly farmer that night, and early next day were on their way again. When sunset of Friday evening came they were on a height from which one could see the Holy City. Like a dream of God's purified city it spread out before them, the towers swimming in the golden haze of sunset, the trees of the many gardens like jewels set upon the city's breast.

"We must end our journey now," said Rachel. "It is sunset, and the holy Sabbath begins."

"Rachel," said Matthan, reaching out for her hand. "It may be my fancy, but it seems to me that a shadow rests over the city yonder."

She cast a startled glance at him, and then turned to the city again. He was pointing in the right direction, his hand straight out toward the city.

"No, beloved. There is no shadow. The sunset turns it to a jewel of many colors."

RACHEL left Matthan and the beast by the wayside while she asked for shelter at the nearest house.

She was received with welcome. She went back and brought Matthan with her. At once the two perceived a tension in the house, a spirit of unrest. All were waiting as if for news of disaster.

When they sat at supper, the two wayfarers with the family, the mother, looking upon the blind man, said, "Alack, alack, if you had come but a few days sooner! You might then have received your sight."

Rachel felt her heart growing heavy.

"You speak of the prophet. Has He gone away? Or will He no longer receive strangers?"

"Have you not heard? Have you not heard?" cried the mother, her voice rising to a wail. "Only a few days ago He passed by our house, and we ran to greet Him with adoration. He entered the city with the crowd thronging Him and shouting, 'Hosanna; Blessed *is* he that cometh in the name of the Lord.' And then before the echoes had fairly ceased He was cast into prison. He was called a blasphemer, He who spoke as never man spoke, He who did works such as have not been known from the beginning of Israel. Today He may have been condemned. Nay, He may even now have perished. One came for Perah my husband in the night, to say that Jesus had been carried to the high priest's court. And Perah went out with him, and down to the city. We await him now. But, alas! I fear he will bring sad tidings: for once today as I stood on the hill looking out over the city a cloud of blackness seemed to settle down over it, blotting it from view. And to me came the thought that God Himself had hidden His eyes from the fearful thing that men had done.

"Ah, Messiah! Ah, Savior of men! If Thou hast perished, Israel's hope is dead with Thee. It is enough, let us too die."

She bowed her head on the table before her, shaken with sobs. The children of the household looked at her, awed and silent. One little maiden snuggled beside her, and said, "But, Mother, Christ cannot die. Have you forgotten Lazarus?"

"Aye, that is so," said the tallest lad. "If wicked ones tried to hurt Him, He could call legions of angels. Do not weep, my mother; all will be well."

The mother raised her head, and wiped away her tears. She looked at the strangers in apology.

"This little one," she said with a hand on the head of the lovely little girl, "was possessed of a demon of dumbness. She had never spoken a word until I took her to the Christ, and at His word the evil demon left her, and she became as you see her now, the light of our household."

RACHEL looked at the child. She could not speak. Under the edge of the table her hand sought Matthan's, and gripped it hard. If only she had consented to come a few days earlier! Had she waited too long, and by her doubt closed the final door upon Matthan's hopes?

"He is not dead! He is not dead!" said Matthan, his sightless eyes staring as if he looked into the invisible world.

Late that night Perah returned. No one needed to ask him a question. A look at his grief-ravaged face and sagging body told them the black news.

Rachel went back to the couch that had been given them. She drew Matthan's head to her breast and held it close. She was all to him now. "O God of the fathers, let me make it up to him." But she had no hope, no faith back of the prayer.

The morning was the Sabbath. They moved about in a hushed household, where hovered the shadow of death. Courteously Perah bade the wayfarers remain until they took their journey back home. At midday the family sat together, while the father-priest read from the Psalms and the Prophets. But when he read the words of Isaiah, "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed," the words were broken by sobs.

"But, Father, Father," cried the little maiden, "He

is not dead. Does not the prophet say, 'He shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of Jehovah shall prosper in his hand?' He can't be dead."

"Child, you did not see what I beheld," said the father.

"The maid is right," said the blind man, speaking from the inner place. "She had new life from Him, and she sees truly. He cannot be dead. Does not the prophet show Jehovah as saying to him, 'Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong.' Can a dead man do these things?"

Perah only shook his head at the poor blind man, who had missed his chance.

THE WAYFARERS sat quietly together on the terrace outside the house for the rest of the day. They hardly spoke. Until the Sabbath was past they would not even talk of their plans. Only they clasped each other's hands, for comfort. At length the sun went down, and for a few minutes its parting glory lingered over the towers of Jerusalem. When the last glow had faded the Sabbath was done, and Rachel said, "We shall be ready to start at dawn tomorrow, and in two days we shall be safe at home again."

"No," said Matthan. "We shall start now, and go down to the city. I want to find that tomb in the garden where they have laid Him."

"Matthan, Matthan!" Rachel's voice broke, in an agony of yearning. "You must not go! It is a long way. There is a Roman guard. They may treat you evilly."

"Have done, dear Wife. I must go!"

Perah too thought that they ought not to try to visit the tomb. The city was filled with unrest. The Romans feared an outbreak, and would be ready to strike cruelly at the first sign of it. It was no place for the blind stranger from Galilee. But Matthan would not be moved. No one knew what he had visioned in the dark place where he dwelt. Go he must. He would

scarcely linger to taste the supper that the servants were setting on the table at the end of the Sabbath.

AS THE warm dusk settled over the hills, Rachel and Matthan started toward the city. Perah had pointed out a way whereby they might reach the garden of Joseph of Arimathæa without going through the narrow, crowded streets. So they traveled around the outskirts of the city. Once they lost their way, and Rachel knocked at a door where a light shone, and asked the way. A man who must have loved the Christ came out, and led them back to the road, and then pointed out the small glow of a watch fire.

"There," he said. "The Romans keep watch so that His disciples shall not steal His body and then deceive the people, saying He is risen. But go softly if you come near to them. They would slay you without pity."

"Risen!" said Matthan, seizing upon the one word. "Risen!"

"Yes, there is some talk among His disciples that He said He would come again."

"Ah, that is the thing I have known all the time," said Matthan.

Rachel trembled. Had the disappointment shaken his mind?

On they went, and on. Presently the small watch fire, now burned down to embers, showed close at hand. Rachel's whisper warned Matthan not to speak. In silence they crept to the opposite side of the garden and crouched there.

"I see the tomb," whispered Matthan, his lips against her ear. "It stands to the right, and the door looks toward the city. It is a dark mass of rock. The trees lean over it. But light comes! Light comes!"

RACHEL shook with terror of the supernatural. Matthan could not see; for five years he had walked in darkness. Yet there was the tomb, just as

he had said, its dark bulk rising in the dim moonlight, the trees leaning over it. But there was no light. She drew him close and whispered, "Hush!" Beyond the tomb the soldiers sprawled on the ground. Two stood upright on guard, their spears in their hands, but the others sat at ease. That dark tomb! What did it house? Prophet, Messiah, Son of God? But no, that was blasphemy. She must take care. Strange influences were in the air. Suppose some shadowy demon should snatch away her beloved. No, no, not that! If only she had not held back, and had brought Matthan while the prophet lived! If only he could be well again. She was in a sorrow too deep for tears.

Then suddenly every sense was alert. Though it was still dark, morning moved in the garden. A bird stirred and murmured. A faint breeze moved the trees, and bore to them the breath of newly opened lilies. But that was not what aroused her. The tomb! The tomb! There was a faint glow, as though it were a translucent stone with a light behind it. She closed her eyes and looked again. Such things could not be! The glow was there! And now a soldier cried out in a voice of terror, and all of them started up.

"Look! Look! It is true! They said He was a son of the gods."

Then sight was lost in a flash of blinding light, as though a sudden radiance had fallen from heaven. The blinding flash passed, and Rachel looked again. The soldiers lay on the ground like dead men, their faces covered. The door of the tomb was open! Radiance streamed out. Rachel feared no longer. Out from the door came a figure of splendor. Light covered Him like a garment, glory encircled His head. Slowly He moved through the garden. He was coming toward them. Rachel sank to her knees, and drew Matthan with her. She was not sure whether the crowned head turned toward them, and she said no word aloud. But in her heart was the cry, "Son of God, bless us too, though we come so late."

THE FIGURE passed on, the light shone through the trees as He went among them. Then slowly the light died away. Dawn had come. In the faint first light the tomb showed dark, but with an open door. A soldier lifted his head. One after another they scrambled to their feet and fled.

"We have beheld the Son of God," said Matthan in ringing tones.

Rachel turned to him. He was looking straight at her. Joy rose in a surge that seemed to stop her breath.

"Beloved, I'd forgotten the little dark curl over your brow," said Matthan, with his old smile.

"You can see! You can see!" she cried. "We did not come too late!"

He held her in his arms while she sobbed out her joy. He was strong again. His dark eyes were clear and beaming.

"No, it was not too late. I seem to know now, dear Rachel, that it is never too late to come to Him."

"I was afraid to ask Him for healing. I only whispered low in my heart, 'Bless us.' "

"When one has seen the Son of God, one need ask for nothing more."

Back across the sleeping roads the two wayfarers went, carrying their blessing from the risen Lord.

EASTER

Now let the heavens be joyful,
  Let earth her song begin,
The round world keep high triumph,
  And all that is therein;
Let all things seen and unseen
  Their notes of gladness blend,
For Christ the Lord is risen,
  Our joy that hath no end.

—From the Greek.

"THE SONS OF GOD SHOUTED FOR JOY"

By DARRAGH ALDRICH

"Thy will be done, our Father!"
Rich and free
Thy perfect will doth make us day by day;
And if we faint, or lack, or seem to stray,
Stern may we be
To speak this word: "His will be done! Find thou
His way!"

"Thy will be done, beloved!"
Shout we in joy—
And as we lift our faces, glad with song
To Thee to whom the birds sing all day long
Goldenly, without alloy,
We praise Thee for Thy will—joyous and strong.

"Thy will be done, All-Power"—
Only Thine:
And then no sense of separation creeps
Between ourselves and Thy great spirit deeps
Wherein do shine
The treasures Thou dost will—in golden heaps.

"Thy will be done!" Dear Master,
Easter Day
Doth dawn upon the world in this Thy word
Of joyous triumph. Now our prayers are heard!
No helpless prey
Are we! This word destroys the fowler—frees the
bird!

Are We Following the Leader?

By CHARLES FILLMORE

NO GREAT teacher in all history made such claims of emoluments to those applying his doctrine as did Jesus. He not only promised believers future rewards, but here, in this time, "houses and lands," and eternal life. He said that He was revealing a kingdom that would add all things to those who attained it, and that His followers should do even greater things than He did. He expected us all to do marvels.

When Peter failed to equal Him in walking on the water, the Master reprimanded him for lack of faith: "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

If Jesus expected so much of those early disciples, who were so palpably ignorant, how much more should He expect of us who live in the light of the twentieth century with its wealth of garnered wisdom?

Discrepancy between Faith and Works

We may dodge the practical side of the issue by claiming that it is not necessary for the followers of Jesus to do marvels as He did them; that the people of His time required "signs" to attract their attention; that we have the Bible for our guide, which they did not; and so forth. But these excuses do not satisfy skeptics. They say, "If you are a disciple of Jesus, you should prove it by doing the works that He said would follow those who 'believe,' as specifically mentioned in the 16th chapter of Mark."

Skeptics and agnostics have often called attention to this discrepancy between faith and works on the part of Christians. They have said that we are ignorant of the real principles of Truth taught by Jesus. He

said, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." Yet the bondage of the human family to sin, sickness, war, poverty, and death has never been lifted and apparently the teaching of Jesus has failed. It is true that the world has in some respects progressed since the advent of Christianity, but historians tell us that they see no great spiritual improvement in civilization during 6,000 years.

Jesus came proclaiming the advent of a new kingdom in the earth, fashioned after the kingdom in the heavens, and it is a fair question to ask why there are not more evidences of its appearing.

It may be that the organized Christian church has not probed deeply enough into the laws essential to the development of the superminded race that is to rule in the millennium and of which Jesus Christ was the forerunner.

Hidden Meaning of Parables

We evidently need a clearer understanding of the truths that Jesus taught. There is a hidden, spiritual meaning in all His lessons. His parables have both a practical and a spiritual side. He often talked in figures that it takes spiritual understanding to interpret. In Matthew 19:28 He said, "Ye who have followed me, in the regeneration when the Son of man shall sit on the throne of his glory, ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." To understand this the disciple must have developed a consciousness of certain spiritual faculties with their thrones, or dominating centers, in the mind and body of man.

This brings to every Christian the question of the part the individual plays in salvation. Have we worked out our salvation with "fear and trembling," or have we taken it for granted that Jesus will do it all for us? He said, "He that overcometh, I will give to him to sit down with me in my throne." He said that He had "overcome the world," the flesh, and the Devil. It logically follows that if He attained His spiritual power by

such overcoming, in order to follow Him in the new birth, or regeneration, we must overcome the "world, the flesh, and the Devil." Right here in our overcoming we shall undoubtedly find the cause of our failure to do the works that the Master promised we should do if we followed Him.

Need of Discipline and Prayer

What do we mean by the word "overcome"? To overcome is to master, to vanquish, to conquer. Jesus did not succumb to the allurements of the world. He mastered His fleshly appetites and passions. He disciplined the personal ego, the Devil, and pointed out the futility of personal acquisitiveness, ambition, and vanity, allegorically depicted in His temptations in the wilderness.

Jesus plainly taught that we must be born again. There are biological processes involved in the new birth that every overcomer should understand as essential to the evolution of the soul from sense to spiritual consciousness. There must be a certain knowledge of the three primal elements of man's being, spirit, soul, and body. The natural man has but slight acquaintance with his spiritual mind, in which inheres all overcoming power. Hence self-discipline in prayer, meditation, and the spiritual use of words is quite necessary to the overcomer.

The body is the fruit of Spirit's working through the consciousness, or soul. Paul says, "This corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality." Jesus accomplished this by overcoming the sins or shortcomings of the carnal mind, thus opening the way for the expression of spiritual essences in His body. He said that He could take up His body or lay it down, and He proved it when He resurrected to life that same body after it had been killed.

Death Can Be Overcome

Jesus demonstrated that man's greatest enemy,

death, could be overcome, and He promised that His teaching, adhered to and made an integral part of the consciousness of man, would save man from death. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, If a man keep my word, he shall never see death."

Death came into the Adamic race through disregard of the divine law; but a way of escape from this grim destroyer is promised through Christ. "As in Adam all die, so also in Christ shall all be made alive."

Jesus Christ plainly taught in many passages in the New Testament that, by following Him in overcoming the havoc of the carnal mind (Satan), we should escape death and enter into eternal life here and now. Both soul and body are to be saved, and through Him we shall escape those ills of mind and body that result in death.

So the paramount question with every follower of Jesus Christ should be, "How shall I keep His word and conquer the prince of this world, Satan, ignorance, sin, sickness, death?"

EDITOR'S NOTE—*This article was printed by the Kansas City Journal-Post in its column that is devoted every Sunday to messages by Kansas City ministers.*

Easter Eve

The fasts are done; the Aves said;
The moon has filled her horn;
And in the solemn night I watch
Before the Easter morn.

So pure, so still the starry heaven,
So hushed the brooding air,
I could hear the sweep of an angel's wings
If one should earthward fare.

—Edna Dean Proctor

Christ Victorious

By ERNEST C. WILSON

THERE is nothing so powerful as an idea whose time has come. Jesus Christ was the embodiment of such an idea—the idea that the Spirit of God in man is mighty to overcome every adverse condition, to bring bounty out of seeming lack, peace out of contention, victory out of apparent defeat, honor out of what seems to be disgrace, even life out of seeming death.

That He did all these things, in the face of virtually every kind of obstacle and handicap, should be, and doubtless was intended to be, an inspiring illustration of the power that is available to man when he becomes consciously identified with the Source of power.

Humanly Jesus was merely the son of a small-town carpenter. He had no wealth, no prestige, no political influence. He had merely an idea of true religion to present to a people who were already surfeited with religious ideas. They had so many of them, and their religion was so complex, that it had become a burden to everybody. Moreover it was so fixed by tradition that it could not be changed. Few even thought of trying to change it.

No combination of circumstances that confronts any one today could be more formidable, less encouraging, than that which confronted Jesus as He began His ministry. But Jesus had discovered one tremendous principle of Truth that set all possible opposition at naught. He had discovered His own oneness with God. He knew God to be His Father, and the Father of all men. He believed thoroughly that with God all things were possible, and He believed that all things were possible to Him because of His oneness with the Father. He said, "I and the Father are one," "The Father abiding in me doeth his works."

Today, beholding our Lord Christ from a perspective of two thousand years, we see the beauty and power of His teachings, the wonder of His miracles, the transcendence of His spiritual power. We do not see the opposition, the persecution, the human fears and hates and resistances, that His message stirred up. It is well that this is so, and well, too, that in our own human experience, as we look back on successfully completed undertakings, the obstacles and difficulties encountered along the way of attainment recede from vision, and only the high lights of accomplishment stand out. But if it is well that this should be so as we look back on the past, it were even better if we could make the same thing true of the problems of the present; if we could see high lights of accomplishment in present problems rather than the difficulties incident to accomplishment.

TODAY, looking to the Savior, we see not the human Jesus, rejected and despised of men, but the radiant, victorious Christ, before whom every head bows and every knee bends in reverence.

However, if we had walked the shores of Galilee as He taught and healed, had we been at Calvary on the day of the crucifixion or at the tomb on the Sabbath day that followed, would we have seen—as clearly then as now—that radiant Christ, or would we, like the multitude, have seen Him according to human sight, a traveling teacher with strange, new ideas that seemed to oppose the established order, even though He undoubtedly possessed a strange gift of healing power?

And which of us, commissioned by the Father to bring His Truth to such a people in such a time and under such circumstances as Jesus was called upon to face, would have had faith to do so? Surely such faith and courage are not of the sense consciousness.

Humanly viewed, Jesus' task was impossible. Our own present-day problems shrink to insignificance before the mighty ones that He faced.

Though now the shadow of the problems that con-

fronted Him is effaced in the radiance of His victory, we may find in His way of facing them courage and understanding to meet our own.

IS OUR home a humble one? Are we from a small town? Do our family and neighbors scoff at our ambitions? Do they misunderstand us? Do we feel that greater opportunities, greater prestige, a more impressive background, are necessary to our success?

Jesus was a small-town boy. He came from the despised village of Nazareth. When Nathanael first heard of Jesus, he said, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" It chanced that he was speaking with Philip. Philip's answer was a good one. "Come and see," he said. Nazareth was the object of many jokes, as small towns often are today; but every small-town boy, and there have been many who have become great men, has an illustrious example in the Greatest of men.

When Jesus sought to preach in His home town there were those who said: "Whence hath this man this wisdom, and these mighty works? Is not this the carpenter's son? is not his mother called Mary? and his brethren, James, and Joseph, and Simon, and Judas? And his sisters, are they not all with us?" Jesus could do few great works there because of local prejudice against a home-town teacher.

Jesus was the oldest boy of a large family, children of the village carpenter. He had no wealth or social prestige to lend dignity to His message. Even His family did not understand Him. When the family made its annual pilgrimage to Jerusalem the year that He was twelve, and He tarried in the Temple with the wise men and the elders, the family was annoyed and His mother chided Him for the worry that His disappearance caused them. None of His brothers believed Him to be the Son of God. At one time James, convinced that Jesus was not in His right mind, persuaded his brothers to accompany him to try to persuade Jesus to come back home with them. James never was thoroughly convinced of the spiritual greatness of his

brother. And perhaps Jesus had that fact in mind when He appeared to James after His crucifixion.

DO WE feel that our employer or our employees do not understand us? That it is difficult to find the right persons to help us in carrying out our ideas? Jesus had but twelve apostles with whom to found a religion that was to become world-wide in influence. Simple men, fishermen for the most part, weak in faith, with little or no perception of who He really was, and what His mission was, He nevertheless found them acceptable, and succeeded in building through them a work that has not only survived, but has grown amazingly through two thousand years of persecution, persecution first from religionists themselves, and next from materialists.

Even with His constant companionship and instruction the Twelve were often amazingly lacking in a vision of His purpose. They seemed to think that He should establish a material kingdom in which the Jews would occupy such places of power as were then held by the Romans, with Jesus Himself the King, and they His lieutenants next in power. They were continually bickering among themselves as to who would be greatest in His kingdom, and some of them, notably Peter and Judas, became impatient with His seeming lack of interest in such matters. In fact to Judas it seemed that Jesus was losing a golden opportunity by not taking advantage of His popularity to overthrow Roman domination and establish a throne of His own. How woeful was his misconception of the Master's purpose is revealed by his attempt to force Jesus into selfish exercise of His powers. When that attempt failed, Judas, appalled at what he had done, destroyed himself.

HAVE we difficult temptations to meet? Jesus could have had unlimited wealth, acclaim, and worldly power, yet He refused them all to remain true to Himself and to the Father whom He served.

Are we poor? Jesus had no material possessions,

no stocks and bonds, no bank account, yet by His faith in God He was provided for, and all His needs were met; and at His crucifixion men cast lots for the rich garment that He wore.

Do we face great problems? Jesus faced disgrace and crucifixion, and called forth such victory as no one else in all the world has won.

Do we feel that we must fight for our rights? What we fight to get we must fight to keep. What we win by love is ours increasingly and imperishably. "Put up again thy sword into its place:" said Jesus, "for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

Do we feel that we must have political influence for the furtherance of our cause? Jesus had none. The two most politically and religiously influential factions among the Jews were the Pharisees and the Sadducees. Both were represented in the powerful Jewish Sanhedrin, vying for leadership. Bitterly opposed to each other, they found in their common opposition to Jesus' teachings virtually their only point of agreement.

All the forces of the human world seemed to be arrayed in a solid front against Him.

He was persecuted, despised, rejected.

Yet He wrested victory from defeat, He healed the sick and raised the dead, He made the blind to see, and unstopped the ears of the deaf, He called forth money from a fish's mouth, and increased a few loaves and fishes to feed thousands. He suffered humiliation, crucifixion, even death, and yet arose triumphant.

LET NO one who believes in Christ imagine that his own problems are beyond solution through faith and prayer, when He who taught us the meaning of faith and prayer overcame so much.

One Man, who had found Himself, has won the world to Himself and His faith, in the face of virtually every possible obstacle. What He did for the whole world we are called on to do in our own world. Dare we, in the face of His great example and radiant presence, say that we cannot?

Ready for Service

By J. ZIMMERMAN EDWARDS

A YOUNG woman once visited a mint in the West, when five-dollar gold pieces were being made. She became fascinated by the work, not so much by the cutting, or the stamping, or the counting of the coin, as by the smelting of the ore.

Entering into conversation with the smelter, who was holding a great stone in the fire by means of a long instrument, she learned many things of interest concerning the process of refining the gold before it was coined.

Standing there, chatting and watching the ore in the heat of the white-hot furnace, she grew impatient and asked, "Isn't it ready to be taken out yet?"

The man answered, "Not yet."

Waiting a while longer she asked again, "Isn't it ready now?"

Again he answered, "No, not yet."

As she stood looking into the brilliant heat, watching the ore melt into shining liquid, again she ventured, "How do you know just when it is ready to be taken out?"

With a sort of reverence, he replied, "Madam, I know it is ready to be of service when I can see the reflection of my face in the refined gold."

She stood spellbound. No longer had she any interest in the smelting of the ore. A new feeling came over her, for the thought that possessed her very being was this: "I am not ready to give the best service to my Father until He can see His face reflected in me."

Before They Call, I Will Answer

A True Story

By POLLY PATTERSON

"WELL, IT'S a stormy night, mates!" Bob came through the front door, bringing a blast of icy wind with him, so that little Bob and Martha, huddled by the register, shivered. Martha's eyes were worried and lusterless. They sought Bob's with a question that they had asked, day after day, for the past three weeks. Bob tried to smile nonchalantly. "No, little girl, same old story." Bob had been all day in town seeking a job. The army of the unemployed seemed to be getting larger, and Bob's problem was simply "just one of thousands." He tried to hide his heartache under a bit of swagger, but Martha couldn't rise to the occasion as she had so often before. She covered her face with her hands and rocked silently to and fro, the whole world crumbling at her feet.

Bob sat down, taking off his heavy overshoes, and in an effort to buoy her up repeated his remark about the weather. "It's blowing a bitter gale along the coast," he said; "we must thank God that we have shelter." Martha did not answer.

"Sort of cool in here," Bob went on.

Martha looked up sorrowfully. "Yes," she said dully, "it *is* cool. There's only about a shovelful of coal left in the bin, and I'm afraid to use that. I thought I'd save it for morning. God help us!" Little Bob, listening and watching with wide baby eyes, repeated, "Dod help us!"

Bob's own eyes were wet with tears. It had seemed unbearable before, but this was the last straw of suffering. He rose and went over to Martha. "God *will*

help us, dear," he said softly, his voice quivering with the struggle in his heart. "Our Unity teachings have always enabled us heretofore to be brave and give thanks. We mustn't fail God, and He won't fail us. God *will* help us. We are going to give thanks right now that our prayers will be answered before nine o'clock tonight. God has said, 'Prove me,' and now, with debts piled high, with our coal gone, with no food on hand and no job in sight, we will give thanks that the battle is not ours but God's, and we will prove God here and now!" Martha smiled at his childlike eagerness.

"I HAVE come to the conclusion that you leave too much to God," she said bitterly. "You are awfully simple, sometimes, Bob. How on earth can we get an answer from God, away out here in a village where we know so few people, before nine o'clock tonight? You must believe in miracles!"

" 'With God all things are possible,' " Bob answered simply.

"Now, don't be silly!" exclaimed Martha, jumping up. "Why, we're in desperate straits. God has to use human means to work with, doesn't He? How could any help come to us out here, away from every one that we know, and no means with which to make a move in God's direction? We have to do our share, you know, and meet God halfway—just praying won't accomplish anything, alone. And what can I tell the landlord, Monday, after constantly promising——"

"I have asked our heavenly Father for food and money with which to pay our debts. Now, as His child, I demand that my Father come to my rescue. And before nine o'clock tonight," Bob replied, unruffled. Then, turning to the cellar door, he added, "And we won't hoard that little shovelful of coal—we'll trust God to send us more immediately, and as His children, supplied by His love, we shall enjoy its warmth. That is one way of proving God!" And he went downstairs, shoveled in the last lump of coal, and sent warmth

rushing up through the register. Martha, almost hysterical, sat upstairs waiting. When Bob returned, he took a chair, sat down near the register, and took little Bob on his lap. Softly, he repeated to the child: " 'The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.' "

Martha turned to him. "Well, as incredible as it all seems, I shan't block God's work with my resentment," she whispered. "I, too, can pray, believing that I have received. And if I feel myself wavering, I shall say to God, 'I believe; help thou mine unbelief.' " Bob, repeating the 23d Psalm, nodded, his eyes bright with relief. They sat in silence after that, concentrating, and affirming Truth statements that Unity had sent them.

THE CLOCK pointed to five minutes of nine when a step was heard at the door. Martha shuddered. It would be almost uncanny—such things only happened in fiction! Bob was at the door just as the bell rang cheerily through the warm room. A smiling neighbor, his face almost hidden behind a gay muffler, strode into the room.

"Greetings!" he exclaimed. "We've just been wondering how you folks were getting along. These are rather lean days for many of us, so if you need coal we shall be glad to share ours. Got an express wagon or something, Mr. Neighbor? Come on over and I'll help you load it up with enough coal to last you over Sunday. And my good wife sends you an invitation, Mrs. Neighbor, to bring your husband and baby and have dinner with us tomorrow."

Bob hustled into his snow boots, and was gone in a jiffy. Martha, kneeling right there in the little sitting room, cried aloud to God, "Forgive me, Father, that I am so unworthy! Before we called Thou hadst heard us, and while we were still praying Thou didst answer!" And little Bob, who had long appreciated the importance of prayer, put his tiny hands together and murmured soberly, "Ma-men."

WHEN Bob returned with the coal it wasn't just a little express-wagon load! It was a huge ash can, brimming over, and decorating the top was an array of canned foods, resembling a walking delicatessen shop! By ten o'clock that night, with a roaring fire in the furnace, Bob and Martha—and little Bob, who had been allowed to stay up to celebrate—were sitting down to the best meal that they had enjoyed for weeks, a meal demonstrating God's bounty to His children, who prayed, believing that they had received! Hearts in tune with God's love had been the instrument that He used to answer their prayers.

Fiction? Not at all. A true story, every word of it, with only the names changed. But the end was not then! Bob and Martha and little Bob had Sunday dinner with the people who so jovially called them Mr. and Mrs. Neighbor. On Monday Bob got the job that he would have asked for had he been given his choice, right in the village, near their little home! With hearts overflowing with gratitude, they have found the true meaning of the words, "Be still, and know that I am God."

In the Stillness

Let us then, labor for an inward stillness—
An inward stillness and an inward healing;
That perfect silence where the lips and heart
Are still, and we no longer entertain
Our own imperfect thoughts and vain
opinions,
But God alone speaks in us, and we wait
In singleness of heart, that we may know
His will, and in the silence of our spirits,
That we may do His will, and do that only!

—Longfellow

God Is My Supply

By E. V. INGRAHAM

AT THIS particular time it seems that the majority of people are confronted with the problem of personal supply, and great concern is felt regarding the difficulty of obtaining the so-called necessities of life. It would seem timely, therefore, that some very definite instruction be given in an attempt to help people meet this situation, and to help in a far-reaching and specific manner. Just how shall one proceed to overcome this condition in one's affairs?

In an attempt to meet this situation from a sane and practical viewpoint, let us consider the things most essential in sustaining life, and determine whether or not they are readily available, or difficult to procure. We commonly think of the "necessities of life" as consisting only of food, clothing, and shelter; but are these all the necessities, or even the most essential? Let us consider these common necessities in connection with some other things for a moment, and weigh their effect upon this matter of living.

How long could one live without shelter? By using at least some of our natural instinct for self-protection we could live quite indefinitely without man-made shelter. By utilizing the sources of protection that we can find all around us in nature, we could have crude shelter enough to live after a fashion. But in the matter of food—how long could one live? From the experiences of various persons it has been found that one might normally expect to live at least thirty days without eating. Add to this the fact that one could, through native ability, forage in nature's storehouse without infringing upon the rights of others at all, and easily live for at least another thirty days. But without food of any kind one could live approximately the proved thirty days. It would therefore appear that food is

more essential to the sustenance of life than shelter.

Now let us consider water. How long could one normally expect to live without water? Here the time is shortened again, being a matter of only a few days. But water is not all of man's supply, for he is more dependent on air than water. When it comes to lack of air, we reduce the duration of life to minutes. Nor does man's necessary supply end here, for life is more dependent on consciousness than on air, and conscious existence ceases instantly without mind. Going a step further, earthly existence itself would entirely cease were it not for the spiritual essence from which life evolves. Our supply, then, from the standpoint of the *necessities* of life, includes more than we are accustomed to consider. We are obviously much more dependent for continuance of life on certain invisible elements than the commonly so-called necessities. Yet only the commonly accepted necessities occupy most of our thought and time. The fact is that what are commonly called the necessities of life are those things that feed and protect and adorn the body, which is only about two per cent of our nature, while the other ninety-eight per cent, the most essential part of our being, needs to be fed with elements infinitely beyond our measured standard of supply.

ANOTHER point might profitably be considered here, a point that is entirely worthy of our sincere thought, and this is that only the necessities of the two per cent cost us any money or physical effort, while we almost completely ignore the necessities of the ninety-eight per cent, which are free, except for the mental effort involved in appropriating them. It would therefore seem that we literally starve in the midst of abundance. Most people do not drink enough water or breathe enough air for their bodily needs, to say nothing of not feeding their famished minds, their starved emotions, and their impoverished spirits. It is truly said, "Man shall not live by bread alone," and the starved external nature of man is due primarily to the

fact that his inner nature is also starved, though the supply for it exists endlessly about him, absolutely free and easily within his reach.

To begin the actual process of demonstrating supply, man should deal with its most essential and accessible phase—a supply that exists in the very ethers that he breathes, in the very elements that interpenetrate his being as well as the infinite spaces of the universe. Outer supply comes to man by the same law that iron filings come to a magnet. A bar of steel of itself has no power of attraction, but the invisible force called magnetism, with which the steel may be charged, is the secret power that draws the filings. So, also, man's supply is something that comes not by might or by power, but by the Spirit of God; and this Spirit must be incarnated as a working force in man's conscious nature. Then he has the power to draw to himself outer things in the same manner as the magnet. "Unto every one that hath shall be given"; to him that has the kingdom, the consciousness of the Spirit of God, "all these things shall be added."

THE FIRST step in dealing with the statement of fact that "God is my supply" is to realize that one's supply is *fundamentally* an *invisible* thing; it is the receiving into one's consciousness of the Spirit of God, which created all things from the beginning, and out of which all things are formed. Can you not see that the source of ice is the oxygen and the hydrogen that exist in a free state in the ethers? So, also, man's supply is inherent in the energies and forces of God, which move in and through and around all things. The Spirit of God, which is the life of God, the love of God, the intelligence of God, the substance of God—all invisible elements, but filling the infinite spaces of the universe, and just as much present in us, through us, and around us as at any point in space—is a storehouse of supply that will feed, nourish, and revivify the whole inner nature of man, if he will but intelligently set about appropriating his share of it.

If you are one of those faced with the problem of supply, try divorcing your mind from the thought that money, food, clothing, shelter, are fundamentally important. Feed your famished inner nature with the living bread that comes down from heaven, whereof "a man may eat . . . and not die." Feast your mind on the fact that the very mind of God interpenetrates your mind and enriches you with new mental capacities and new ideals. Feast your emotions on the breath of the Almighty, which is the moving, animating spirit of all creation, and so intermingles with your emotions that they are fully fed and satisfied. Feast on the ever present substance of God, out of which all things are formed, and which is the ever waiting, never failing supply to feed, nourish, and sustain all things that it has created. Forget all outer, material supply, until all sense of lack vanishes, just as hunger vanishes when you have freely eaten of food. Do not at first concern yourself with the needs of the body, but feed your inner nature until the "sense" of abundance permeates your whole being, and then stand still and see the glory of God made manifest. We grant you that at first this course may require more faith and determination than to make the accustomed outer-man struggle, but by following it your satisfying supply, both spiritual and material, will be the more quickly and easily attained.

IF THIS practice is continued until the inner nature is actually enriched, outer or visible supply will be as easily manifested as iron filings rush to the magnet. You will have the wisdom to see and to know what to do. You will have the spirit that makes your doing of things vital and dynamic. You will have the bodily strength and endurance to do well every task that is placed before you, and your supply on all planes will spring forth speedily.

"Prove me now herewith, saith Jehovah of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

Son and Me

By ELBERT HUBBARD II

This article is from The Roycrofter, *and is reprinted by special permission. We are sure that it will strike a responsive chord in the hearts of all parents, and will appeal to many who have no children*

AFTER supper, till dark—out in my asparagus bed hoeing weeds; or pruning suckers from the young apple orchard; or tying up the blue spruce grafts that seem to want to follow an inherited tendency toward sidewise growth—there is nearly always a little fellow at my side.

Folks who know me too well, and who are also familiar with the proposition that genius always skips one generation, say that the future of Roycroft lies with this young Hubbard. But Elbert III ponders no such things. Thoughts of future greatness neither obscure his hours nor darken his days. He demands nothing except to be along with me.

A sense of the sacredness of honest toil is already his. Voluntarily, he brings his hoe, or the extra clippers, or his half-size rake. He works, too—at whatever I am doing. And, as he works, he talks to me—asks questions that sometimes I can answer, sometimes not.

But I don't have to answer necessarily. He takes no offense if I am silent, nor does he count me dumb if, perchance, I don't know—as so often I don't.

The other day we were mowing the lawn—he with his small mower, I with the big one—and as we halted a moment at the corner to rest, he popped this at me out of a clear sky: "Say, Dad, why doesn't Vee [that's my pointer bitch] have some puppies?"

Now, just what answer could I make to that? What reply would you have made? To tell him it was be-

cause I had kept her tied up all spring would not do. So I thought fast and decided it wasn't wise to go into the intricacies of eugenics just now. I simply said: "Well, I guess Vee hasn't made up her mind to have the puppies just yet—you see, she is the boss of that. But wouldn't a litter of little pointers be the cutest? I'd like to see 'em, too!"

I think he will be satisfied with my answer for a few years at least.

We do discuss things that I can answer so that he will understand—things of importance to him and to me. In him there unfolds before me the marvel of an inquisitive little mind searching out so many, many things to him still new and wondrous. Only children and pure scientists have this inquiring habit of mind.

Everywhere about him, Elbert III sees at work the one predominant endeavor of Nature—propagation.

He discovered that, by putting a walnut in the ground the fall before, he could get a black walnut tree in the spring. And that the little winged seeds off the big maple made a fair start toward a sugar bush in a few warm spring and summer months.

I tell him about these things as best I can, but it is no easy task. You see, Son is just nine, going on ten—and I am not so very wise. But Son doesn't mind—am I not his father?—and besides there are so many things to learn about.

This spring he learned that the heavy snows of last winter had broken and laid flat to the ground many of the little hemlocks and arbor vitæ, which we had planted as seedlings a year ago. But hope springs eternal in the human breast—and when they straightened up again and began new growth to replace the torn branches, Son was sure that they would all be able to stand straight up in the snow next winter.

WHEN HE planted his little garden patch, he put in only corn and beets (no spinach). Lima beans and broccoli are not on his list of likables. I told how to put crow-dope (a tar concoction) on

the corn before he planted it, so the wild pheasants wouldn't pull it up.

Last evening we were picking the black raspberries; Mother picked the red ones in the morning while he had gone swimming, and I was at the shop working out a sales plan for moving that stock of radio books we are stuck with.

The berries were wonderful, big, black ones that filled a basket soon if you picked with both hands. It's

Bless us, O Lord, and help us to realize our oneness with one another and with Thee. Bless all that we do, and keep us close to Thee.—M. L. F.

a long row, and dusk was coming before we got through. Over in the field a cock pheasant crowed his evening call. The peacock screeched his song—if one may call it that. Clouds were hanging heavy over where the sun had gone down.

The bantam hens had taken their broods of young golden pheasants into their coop.

Over the hayfield a tricky gust of wind made a wave that worked its way across to the brow of the hill and down out of sight.

"Is it going to rain, Dad?"

"Looks a lot like it, doesn't it?" says I.

"Say, Dad—why doesn't it thunder when there's heat lightning, anyway? Do you think it's going to lightnin' tonight?"

"Well, dear, I dunno"—answering all three questions at once, and truthfully.

A long streak shot across the sky. Thunder murmured its answer a long way off.

"We better be getting in, Dad. You know Mother doesn't like it alone in the house when it thunders and lightnin's. Gosh, when it struck the garage that time, didn't it wham? Lucky you were there to put the fire out! Supposin' we were all asleep then—and our 'phone

busted and no lights! Remember, Dad? Gee, wasn't that the worst we ever had?"

I didn't need to answer, so I hustled a last few handfuls of berries into the last basket.

Baskets full, getting dark, lightning in the sky: "Let's go, Son, no use staying out here now."

As we gathered up the baskets, there was nervousness in his voice, betraying that very uncertain feeling of childish fear of coming darkness and the unknown. (I'm not sure that it isn't a manly fear.)

So we left the raspberry patch to the mercies of the elements—and the rain came, making better berries for the morrow.

AS I TUCKED him in bed and kissed him good night there was a sense of gratitude overwhelming me—something I can't explain.

Out of the nowhere this little fellow had come into my life nine years ago, to be my companion and help me round out my understanding of life. I have much to learn yet, but I shall try to be a patient pupil at his hands. He doesn't know how much he is teaching me.

I only ask that he and I may go on learning together. And if, as the years roll along, he continues to have faith in me—my cup of happiness will surely be full.

Am I just a maudlin old man and do I overestimate?

Well, perhaps.

But tomorrow after supper you'll find Son and me out in the garden somewhere. But don't disturb us till it's bedtime. We'll be busy with the onion bed, and, sure as anything, enlarging on some of the delicate problems of things we want to know.

Oh that men would praise Jehovah for his loving-kindness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!—THE PSALMIST

Put Good Habits in Place of Bad

By LILLIAN GRACE COPP

TO REPLACE a bad habit with a good one is not always an easy task, yet it is immensely worth while. And, once the exchange is permanently made, it yields an almost unbelievable dividend. The bad habit of worrying and fretting, over evils that nine times out of ten never happen, brings much discord into people's lives. Inharmony in any form works to a person's detriment, rather than to his progress.

Pause for a second and think of the manner in which any habit is formed! You first get a picture of a particular thing fixed in your mind. Then you dwell on the picture, concentrating on its details by doing the thing over and over physically and mentally until you have made the picture so clear, so vivid, that you send it into your subconscious mind with the force of active emotion. Once there, it works out in your life the harmony or the inharmony, the success or the failure, that you have given your conscious thoughts and acts the power to incorporate into your life.

Whenever you think of disaster, or dwell on fear of a possible evil consequence that may arise from any contingency, you lend the strength of dread and terror to fasten that consequence on you, sending into your subconscious mind a likeness of the thing on which your thoughts have dwelt. If, however, you refuse to think of the evil condition in terms of anything but confidence, joy, and peace, you mitigate the results of what might happen, and you put a good habit in place of a bad one.

Watch a joyous, laughing, loving personality! Then note the steady flow of good things that come into his or her life! Not a single one of them comes by chance. They come through the working of definite, infallible law. I have seen both men and women purposely set themselves to change conditions in their lives by dili-

gently rooting out bad habits of thought and deed, putting in their place constructive, uplifting, inspiring ones.

Because the subconscious mind is just as ready to carry out instructions of Truth as thoughts of error, and because it depends absolutely on the individual to determine the nature of the ideas that the subconscious mind receives, the law works a complete transformation in their lives.

A FEW weeks ago a woman visited a Truth teacher in regard to a mortgage that would be due within ten days. The man holding the mortgage refused to renew it. There was not a dollar in sight with which she could meet the obligation. The woman had worried, fretted, and cried over what might happen until her vision was clouded with doubt, her mind blinded by terror. Of importance equal to the fear of losing her home was the dread of having her neighbors learn the financial strait that she was in.

The woman was told by the teacher that there was always a way out; that, in taking any such matter to God, one soon learned that worrying was a bad habit, injuring one's cause instead of helping it. She opened her eyes wide. How could she be to blame for worrying, she thought, when it was part of her very nature, God-given from the day of her creation? There was no replacing one habit, which had been part of an individual's soul from the beginning of existence, with another—no matter how creative the new one might prove to be.

"Suppose that I should take you literally—sit down with folded hands, not making the slightest effort to raise the money except to affirm that God would send it—when all the time I knew that there was no possible way for it to manifest unless a miracle should take place—what would happen?" She ended her argument with the pertinent query.

Instead of answering directly, the teacher called her attention to the fact that all her worrying had

failed to bring the money—had manifested only disheartening results. On the other hand a calm, unshaken conviction that, if the money failed to come, God would show her some other way in which her home could be saved, would call into existence unrealized good that would prove to be her salvation.

"All right," the woman answered mockingly, "every time the knowledge comes into my mind that in just a few days I'll no longer have a roof over my head, I'll say, 'Run along, wrong thought. You are a bad habit! I am building a good one to put in your place!' Now," she turned to the teacher with doubt in every tone of her voice—expressed in every line of her face, "give me your affirmation! I am ready!"

BUT SHE wasn't ready. In that frame of mind no affirmation could have been effective. Her challenging attitude would have neutralized any word of power. Good habits of thought are never built in that manner. The person desiring the change has to believe in an idea to give it sufficient force to register. There has to be concentration of purpose, and determination of mind and soul to uproot the old opinions and to put in their place the resolution to hold undauntedly to the good until it becomes manifest.

Instead of answering, the teacher opened the Bible to the 8th verse of the 2d chapter of Haggai, asking the woman to read aloud the words: "The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith Jehovah of hosts." Then she turned the pages to the 6th verse of the 4th chapter of Zechariah.

In a tone suddenly awed and humbled the woman read: "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith Jehovah." Two utterances from the greatest book ever written, words spoken by the Almighty, who holds the high and the low, the small and the great, in the hollow of His hand, had served their purpose.

For several minutes there was silence in the room. Then the woman said in a tone vibrant with emotion: "I promise to hold any affirmation that you may give

me! And I will try harder than I ever before tried for anything in my life to remember that God's ways are marvelous; His power limitless."

Together teacher and pupil repeated several times the following affirmation, in keeping with the promises just read: *"I give this burden of indebtedness into God's hands, and I go free to meet every obligation joyously and fully."*

IN THE days that followed the woman worked unceasingly to put the good habit of unswerving faith and trust in the place of the devastating one of worry and doubt. As far as it was possible to do so she obeyed the command: " 'Having done all, to stand,' looking steadfastly to God for help."

At the end of a week the man who held the mortgage, and who previously had refused to renew, voluntarily offered to extend the time one year at the same rate of interest. The temptation to accept his offer was great. In less than three days the mortgage could be foreclosed unless the indebtedness was discharged. The woman had nothing in sight with which to meet it. But if she accepted the extension offer there was still the unpaid interest to be taken care of, and her affirmation was that every obligation was fully met.

She called the Truth teacher over the telephone, asking her advice as to what she should do. The teacher answered in the words of the 3d verse of the 43d Psalm: "Send out thy light and thy truth; let them lead me."

"But I have to decide now," the woman said, her tone threaded with anxiety.

"Ask the Lord to send out His light and His truth to lead you to the right decision. Don't be influenced by fear," the teacher warned.

Five minutes later the holder of the mortgage left the woman's home, his offer rejected. The woman told the teacher afterward that, during the remainder of the day, she repeated the affirmation almost unceasingly. It was nearly midnight before a great peace in-

folded her. She fell asleep with the conviction that, whatever the outcome was to be, she was protected.

Then—just as naturally as if it had all been clear from the beginning, her brother arrived early the next morning from the West on a surprise visit. In less than an hour after reaching his sister's home, he heard the story.

He immediately took steps to pay off the mortgage, and to purchase the property from his sister. He arranged for her to remain in the house not only rent-free, but to receive a substantial income for making a home for his motherless daughters, who were coming east the next month to complete their education.

TEARS of joy streamed down the woman's face as she related her experience to the teacher. However miraculous it may read, it was simply a case of taking that wonderful promise, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith Jehovah," at its face value. The experience teaches that any habit, however firmly established it may seem to be, can with determination be changed into a good one, exactly as the woman proved.

The poet, John Boyle O'Reilly, has expressed the idea in a rhythmical flow of words, telling how to send the word of Truth into the subconscious mind with a force that builds for strength and permanency:

"How shall I a habit break?"
As you did that habit make.
As you gathered, you must lose;
As you yielded, now refuse.
Thread by thread the strands we twist
Till they bind us neck and wrist;
Thread by thread the patient hand
Must intwine ere free we stand.

All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen.—EMERSON

Holy Bread

A story based on a true incident

By ZELIA M. WALTERS

This story appeared in WEEKLY UNITY *about a year ago. So many readers told us of the help and inspiration that they received from this story that we are offering it to readers of* UNITY

DONLEY had spent half an hour resolving to speak to the next man who stopped at the door. He had never begged before; begging came hard.

"But I might as well get used to it," he reflected grimly. "Looks like the only way for me now."

A man came to the door fumbling for a key. He'd be a rich man, belonging as he did to this exclusive club and having a key to enter by the side door. The woman who had got out of the car with him waited at the bottom of the steps.

Donley came close, muttering in a shamed voice:

"Could you stake me to the price of a meal, sir? I've not eaten today."

"Sorry, fellow, but I've no change with me," the man said crisply.

Donley shrank back and hung over the railing with his back turned, until they should go.

"I didn't bring the right key," said the man to his companion. "We must go to the other door."

"What did he want?" the woman asked, nodding toward Donley as they turned to the street.

"Price of a meal. Said he was hungry."

"O Larry! We can't go in and eat a meal we don't need, and leave a hungry man out here."

"There's one of them begging on every corner now. Likely he wants the money for booze. Anyway, I have nothing less than ten dollars, and I don't see myself handing that to a bum."

"He looks hungry. I couldn't eat for thinking of

him. You know what Christ says to the unrighteous in the day of judgment: 'I was hungry, and ye did not give me to eat.' I don't want Him to say that to me. I'll have to give food to Christ. Wait a minute; I have something in my purse."

Donley, with his back turned in shame, could hear it all. An electric shock passed through him. She was talking about Christ, just as his mother used to do back home. His mother had read that very same verse to him more than once. He could almost hear her voice saying it now. He had supposed vaguely that rich people didn't think about Christ, didn't need Him with all the other things that they had. But here was this woman, beautiful and gentle, dressed in luxurious clothes, talking about Christ as if He were a real person, to be met any moment.

She touched his arm, and he turned around. She was standing before him, looking up into his face.

"Here is a dollar; buy yourself some food. And don't lose courage, even if things look hard. There's a job somewhere for you. I hope you'll find it soon."

He could only stammer pitifully:

"Thanks, lady, thanks. I'll sure buy food, not booze. You've given me a fresh start, lady. I'll never forget."

"You'll be eating Christ's bread. Pass it on," she said, and smiled at him in friendly fashion, as if he were a man, not a bum. Then she was gone to join her escort who waited at the steps. She left a faint breath of sweetness behind.

DONLEY started toward the region of cheap eating houses. His head was up. A good meal would enable him to try again. He could get a meal for fifty cents. There would be half of his dollar left for food tomorrow. He would be eating Christ's bread these two days. Again, that feeling as of an electric shock passed over him. Christ's bread! But, look here! One could not save up Christ's bread just for oneself!

An old man was shuffling along just ahead of him.

Donley had seen him before at two places where he had asked for work. Poor old chap! It was hard lines, looking for work when one got to that age. Maybe the old duffer was hungry too. Christ's bread must be shared. Suddenly Donley felt a great uplifting of the heart. He too could give. A dollar was enough for both of them. Tomorrow? Well, Christ was never short of bread. Donley felt an amazing sureness about that.

"Hey, buddy, what do you say to going in and getting us a good meal?"

The old man turned, his watery eyes blinking up at Donley.

"You wouldn't go to fool me?" he quavered.

But he couldn't believe it until he was seated at the oilcloth-covered table with a bowl of hot stew before him. Donley ordered grandly. They ate with concentration. Presently Donley noticed that the old man was wrapping up his buttered bread in a paper napkin.

"Saving some for tomorrow, hey?" he asked genially.

"N-no. There's a kid down here. Old man out on a drunk. Nice kid. Had tough luck. He was crying a little when I passed; hungry. I aim to give him the bread."

Christ's bread! Donley was shaken as by a mystic presence, a third Guest, at that oilcloth-covered table.

"Let's both take him our bread. We've got plenty without it. I'll wrap up my pie too."

They wrapped the food and carried it out with them. The old man led the way to where the boy stood with a few papers that he was trying to sell.

"Here, kid, eat this," said the old man, proudly.

The boy began to eat greedily. Then he stopped, and called a dog that hung back in the alley; a frightened, lost dog, as one could see at a glance.

"Here, Jack, you can have half," he said.

Christ's bread! Ah, yes! It would go to the four-footed brother too.

The kid stood up gamely now, and began to cry his papers. He sold three while they watched him.

"Good-by," said Donley to the old man. "There's a job for you somewhere. You'll find it soon; just hang on. You know"—his voice sank to a whisper—"this what we've eaten is Christ's bread. A lady told me so when she gave me the dollar. We're just naturally bound to have good luck."

"Yes, sir," agreed the old man. "I've thought of a new place where maybe they need a night watchman. I wouldn't ask much pay. It would be a warm place to stay, though, and I'd earn enough to buy my eats. Yes, sir, we're just naturally bound to have good luck."

DONLEY parted with his pensioners and went his way. He too had thought of a new place to ask for a job. He was turned down, but somehow it didn't hurt so much this time, and as he was going out the man said:

"Come back next week. Maybe things will open up a little by that time."

As he turned away from the shop he noticed that the lost dog was following him.

"Did you know I furnished the grub, old fellow? I haven't got any more. But don't worry; we'll have more tomorrow."

In fondling the dog he felt a narrow strap around its neck, and found a license tag and an address.

"You're in luck," he said to the dog. "Some one wants you. Guess you'll eat tomorrow, all right. Come along, I'll take you home."

It was a long walk uptown, but after a while the dog was barking madly at a door, which was opened by a starched, disapproving maid.

"Come in," she said coldly to Donley. "The master will see you. He told me to bring in the person who brought the dog home."

A keen-eyed man, while caressing the leaping dog, looked Donley over.

"Why did you bring him home?"

Donley hesitated. He could hardly say to a stranger that he had had to do it because he had eaten Christ's bread.

"He followed me from down in the market district. I stopped to pat him, and I found the tag. I like dogs. I wanted to bring him back to his own folks."

The keen-eyed man had meant to say sharply, "Didn't you steal him for the sake of the reward?" But he didn't say it. There was something of dignity about Donley that day. Instead, the man found himself saying:

"I advertised in last night's paper. Ten dollars reward."

"I didn't know—I didn't see the paper. It wasn't for the reward——"

"I can see that. I'm glad it came to you. Thanks, and good luck to you."

Donley looked at the bill in his hand, half dazed.

"I don't like to take it. I just wanted to do the dog a good turn."

"Take it along. What you did is worth more than that to me. And—do you want a job? Come to my office tomorrow. I may have something for you."

DONLEY was walking down the avenue, the bill clutched in his hand.

A miracle! Had he been down and out—hopeless? There was Christ's bread. It had multiplied like the loaves and fishes that he had read about in the country Sunday school, long, long ago. Once one had eaten it, one didn't need to be afraid of going hungry any more. There was enough of that bread for all. Here were courage, and a job, and a new chance, and always something to pass on to the other hungry ones. Oh, something more than the bread that one could see!

The world could not beat the man who had eaten holy bread!

You will be glad to know that you can buy "Holy Bread" in booklet form at your Unity center or from Unity School

White Magic

By J. H. BELL

EVERYTHING had gone wrong that morning. The house was in disorder—in the living room a gray film of dust-covered chairs, radio, and bookcases; the vases held dejected-looking flowers. Would she ever, Marcia Brent wondered, be able to get through the day?

Why did some days—most of her days—have to be such messed-up ones, she wondered. She loved order, she was sure, a little more than did the average woman. Yet her house was forever topsy-turvy. She was always bending her back picking up for this one and that one. Hour after hour, day after day, picking up socks, towels, underwear. Hanging up clothes, setting away shoes, till she felt like those gleaners in Millet's pictures, bending—picking—picking—bending.

There was no reason for it. No reason for her—one member of the family—having to do all this picking up for the others. There was no justice in it. But was there any justice in the whole scheme of life? She wanted to believe that there was, but right at that minute, picking up the débris of the night before, she did not believe that there was such a thing as justice.

Marcia was at the window pulling a crumpled curtain into place when she saw a car stop in front of the door. Visitors? So early in the day? Surely not. She did not want visitors—she had no time for visitors. Well, of all persons in the world, to think that Esther Mills should be coming to see her today!

That Job's comforter, Esther Mills! She, Marcia, was depressed enough without having that forlorn soul tagging at her heels all day. She just wasn't going to have her! Marcia knew from past experience what to expect. Quickly she made up her mind that she would not let Esther in, even though they hadn't seen each

other for a long time. Esther would have to come when the house was in order. So, to the ringing of the doorbell, Marcia Brent, standing motionless in the upstairs hall, paid no attention. She was equally indifferent to the insistent knocking at the back door that presently began. That is, Marcia noticed it no more than to murmur to herself that Esther Mills certainly had nerve to go prying around at the back.

Marcia didn't want to see her—had no intention of going downstairs, so let her knock as long as she wanted to. However, a few minutes later, when she heard the car start, she felt relieved to know that Esther had gone. So she hurried with the cleaning upstairs, then rushed down, thinking as she went—the carpet on the stairs was covered with lint—how nice it would be if one lived in a house where there was no dust.

She would—going into the kitchen after the broom—sweep the front porch next. Marcia liked having the porch tidy. It was a pleasant spot almost the entire day. The ferns in the boxes grew long feathery green fronds, and the white lilies close to the barberry were in bloom now, and their perfume made Marcia wish——

Well, just what did she wish? That she had time to sit where it was cool and pleasant and read a good book. But when, thought Marcia, briskly opening the door, when did she ever find time to read?

WHY, WHO was that on the porch—in the big chair?

The figure turned and Marcia saw Esther Mills.

"I—I thought you had gone," her tongue started honestly to say, but she stopped just in time. Instead she exclaimed, "Why, Esther Mills!"

"You weren't expecting to see me, were you, Marcia?"

"No, Esther," sincerely, "I was not."

"I have been out of town for a long while. But I was back for a little visit, and I don't know why—but

you, Marcia, have been in my thoughts so much lately! So I came to see you. I rang several times, and when you didn't answer I even went around to the kitchen."

"I can hardly hear the bell upstairs," Marcia murmured, ashamed.

"I thought that might be it; but, as I had made up my mind to see you, I ran my car around to the garage out of the sun, and came back here to wait for you on this nice porch."

Esther was looking, Marcia's keen eyes noted, healthy and cheerful. As yet she had uttered no word of complaining.

"I'm glad to see you, Marcia," Esther went on. "Are you as busy a person as you used to be?"

"Yes, Esther. I think I'm even busier as my boys grown up. All this morning I've been upstairs picking up and complaining. Wishing that I didn't have to be such a slave to a house."

"Well, do you?" And there was something in Esther's crisp tone that made Marcia falter in her reply.

"Why, yes, I—I suppose I do, Esther."

Esther, somehow, was looking so different! As if, perhaps, she had made some sort of discovery. "Have you," Marcia asked, smilingly, "found a remedy for us stay-at-homes tethered to our job of housekeeping?"

"Don't know but that I have. I'll tell you about it, Marcia, if you really want to know."

SO THAT morning Esther—while she helped Marcia wash the piled-up dishes, talked: "I call it—this that I have found out—white magic, for the change it has made in me."

"White magic?" A puzzled wrinkle creased Marcia's brow. "Just what do you mean, Esther?"

"Well, call it thought magic, then, Marcia, if that makes it plainer to you. Right thought—right thinking—is what I've been trying to do for the last few years. That's what has made the change in me. It's thought that forms not only every one's own little in-

dividual world, but the big world that we all live in. You have made your world—this home, Marcia—or helped to make it with your thoughts."

"How can that be?" Marcia demurred. "My thoughts are tidy, yet I have the most chaotic house in town! My family is——"

"Don't!" Esther held up an admonitory finger. "Thoughts are things, and once spoken they seem to crystallize. Try saying instead, 'I have a nice family. And I know that they are improving each day; becoming more orderly, more thoughtful of me.' "

"That's too much of a strain on my imagination," Marcia answered lightly. "I don't believe in any such hokum."

"Would you believe it if you proved it?"

"If I proved it, yes."

"Then let me give you the rule. Never voice a negative condition. When you are tempted to do so, think of just the opposite thought. Instead of saying, 'My house is untidy,' say, 'I love my tidy house, which has everything in its right place.' "

"That would be falsifying."

"It would not. Didn't you tell me that you have an orderly mind? Well, in that case your home should be orderly. When you go creeping and complaining through life, too burdened with housework for any of the pleasant relationships that you could contact, you are not proving that your thoughts are orderly."

"I—I think I see what you mean," Marcia stammered. "You must feel, Esther, that I have a terribly messed-up mind."

"How quickly you've caught the idea!" Esther smiled.

"I'm not thinking anything about you, Marcia, but the thought of Truth. And that is that you have a right to have an orderly home, to have your husband and your children solicitous for your comfort."

LUNCHEON was ready, and the house in perfect order—it had seemed to take no time at all to do

it. Had this change come about, Marcia wondered, because of Esther's visit? All the time since Esther had been there, she, Marcia, had been in a different frame of mind. It seemed to be due to Esther's talking to her that way about how one's thinking makes the atmosphere in which one lives. If only she could remember this, and keep her thoughts going in the right direction.

Several weeks had elapsed since that hot summer morning when Marcia Brent had gone complainingly about her work and refused to admit a visitor who waited for her on the porch. This early autumn morning Marcia, arranging a bunch of bittersweet in a blue vase, was thinking of this. Just suppose that she had missed seeing Esther Mills that morning? What if she hadn't heard of this "something" that Esther had called "white magic," which meant that one must think right about people and things, and which had made such a great change for the better in her—Marcia's—life.

Yes, things had changed a great deal in Marcia Brent's household. "Never voice a negative condition," had been Esther Mills's advice, and Marcia had followed it carefully. She had ceased to complain about how much she had to do, and about her thankless, untidy family. The change hadn't been easy. Not nearly so easy to make as it was to tell about it. There had been days when Marcia almost gave up in despair. But she had been—well, stubborn, she supposed, might be as good a word as any to describe her fight with wrong thinking. She had made up her mind not to talk about things that she did not want to happen.

It had been a battle, and a difficult one, but she was winning. Marcia, looking into the mirror over the mantel, saw the smiling face of a woman who a few weeks before had been discontented and unhappy. She could hardly believe that that happy face belonged to her—Marcia Brent!

"I have as much right to the good in life as any one!" spoke Marcia to the reflection in the mirror. "If the

white magic that Esther told me about can give it to me—and I believe it can—I certainly am going to be peaceful, satisfied!"

MARCIA was expecting a visitor. She wondered if Esther would need to be told that her new way of thinking had done her—Marcia—so much good.

Later, as the two women sat at luncheon, Marcia, smiling across the dainty table at Esther, said: "It does work, Esther—this white magic of right thinking that you told me about! And my one desire is to pass it along to some one else."

"That's the idea, Marcia. Whatever good has come to us, let us pass it on to others until we have made a strong chain of health and harmony that will circle the entire world with the power of its white magic!"

HOUSE BLESSING

Bless the four corners of this house,
And be the lintel blest;
And bless the hearth, and bless the board,
And bless each place of rest;
And bless the door that opens wide
To stranger, as to kin;
And bless each crystal windowpane
That lets the starlight in;
And bless the rooftree overhead,
And every sturdy wall;
The peace of God, the peace of man,
The peace of love, on all.

—Arthur Guiterman

SUNDAY LESSONS

These lessons point out the symbology of the Bible and interpret it according to the Unity teaching. Our interpretation may puzzle, possibly startle, a new student, but we believe that a thorough study of the Unity Sunday lessons will amply repay any student. Study with an open mind, and Truth itself will convince you. Our Bible text is taken from the American Standard Edition of the Revised Bible, copyright 1901 by Thomas Nelson & Sons, and is used by permission

LESSON 10, MARCH 6, 1932.

Unity Subject—*Humility and True Greatness.*

International Subject—*Jesus Washes His Disciples' Feet.*—John 13:1-15.

1. Now before the feast of the passover, Jesus knowing that his hour was come that he should depart out of this world unto the Father, having loved his own that were in the world, he loved them unto the end.

2. And during supper, the devil having already put into the heart of Judas Iscariot, Simon's *son,* to betray him,

3. *Jesus,* knowing that the Father had given all things into his hands, and that he came forth from God, and goeth unto God,

4. Riseth from supper, and layeth aside his garments; and he took a towel, and girded himself.

5. Then he poureth water into the basin, and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded.

6. So he cometh to Simon Peter. He saith unto him, Lord, dost thou wash my feet?

7. Jesus answered and said unto him, What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt understand hereafter.

8. Peter saith unto him, Thou shalt never wash my feet.

Jesus answered him, If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me.

9. Simon Peter saith unto him, Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head.

10. Jesus saith to him, He that is bathed needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit: and ye are clean, but not all.

11. For he knew him that should betray him; therefore said he, Ye are not all clean.

12. So when he had washed their feet, and taken his garments, and sat down again, he said unto them, Know ye what I have done to you?

13. Ye call me, Teacher, and, Lord: and ye say well; for so I am.

14. If I then, the Lord and the Teacher, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet.

15. For I have given you an example, that ye also should do as I have done to you.

GOLDEN TEXT—*The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.*—Matt. 20:28.

SILENT PRAYER—*In the Christ mind I am meek and lowly of heart.*

By His acts Jesus Christ taught many lessons of soul unfoldment. Soul unfoldment means the bringing forth of divine ideas in the soul or consciousness of man, and the bringing of these ideals into expression in the body. Jesus many times told His disciples that those who would become truly great must serve. The disciples had disputed as to who should have the higher places in the kingdom and as to who should sit at the right hand and at the left hand of the Master. Jesus cited to them the little child's guilelessness and trustfulness and willingness to learn. He also told them the difference between divine greatness and the human idea of eminence. Then He informed them that whoever would be great among them should be their minister, or servant, "even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life

a ransom for many." Jesus Christ gave His very life in service to the world, and He left us an example that we should follow. We should be unselfishly humble and willing to minister to others for their eternal good, as He was.

Spiritual consciousness puts all men and all things on a common level. In the sight of God there is no great or no small. The principle of life (that is, God immanent in the universe as the great underlying cause of all manifestation) supplies the dirty, lazy tramp, as fully and as freely as it supplies the most cultured lady. Those who "put on Christ" (develop a consciousness according to the Christ standard) must disregard rank and title. The "mind . . . which was also in Christ Jesus" enables one to see and fearlessly to proclaim oneness with the Father; at the same time, the "mind of Christ" in one is perfectly willing to take the form of a servant and to give up to crucifixion all the lesser, personal self. The love of God in the heart makes a man love and serve his enemies with the same willingness of service that he gives his friends. Jesus washed the feet of His disciples, including Judas's.

The feet are the willing and patient servants of the body. They go all day at the bidding of the mind, and upon them rest many of the burdens that result from material thought. The more we believe in the false importance of matter, the greater is the burden laid upon our feet, and the more tired they become.

By washing the feet of His disciples, Jesus made denial of the race idea of matter as all-important, and taught the value of service. Even Peter (spiritual faith) had to be cleansed of his belief in the seeming reality of material conditions. It seems a menial thing to wash another's feet, but Jesus taught and exemplified the willingness of divine love to serve in humble ways, and thus to redeem man from the pride of the flesh.

As through His great love Christ cleanses our understanding, so should we cleanse the understanding of our fellows. He delegates to His disciples and stu-

dents of every age and land the power to cleanse man's mind of false standards of life. This Christ cleansing through love is not only a teaching; it is also a life to be lived. The true teacher of practical Christianity must be a Christian—a follower of Jesus in all His ways. Those who, like Judas, are possessed of the adverse mind should receive the same humble service that is given to persons who are in the faith. Of all the great teachers, Jesus was the most impartial and humble. He associated with the despised publicans and sinners, and did the menial offices of a servant, that men might appreciate the unity of the one life.

Every adverse condition will succumb to divine love. Pour out your love upon your enemies, and in the end they will surrender.

QUESTIONS

1. What did Jesus teach by His acts?
2. Has rank or title a place in spirituality?
3. What is the principal cause why one's feet become tired?
4. What does Jesus' washing of the disciples' feet illustrate?
5. How do we help to cleanse the minds of others?
6. Should we make any distinction in our service to others?

LESSON 11, MARCH 13, 1932.

Unity Subject—*Spiritual Identity.*

International Subject—*Jesus Comforts His Disciples.* —John 14:1-18.

1. Let not your heart be troubled: believe in God, believe also in me.
2. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; for I go to prepare a place for you.
3. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I come again, and will receive you unto myself; that where I am, *there* ye may be also.
4. And whither I go, ye know the way.

5. Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; how know we the way?

6. Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, and the truth, and the life: no one cometh unto the Father, but by me.

7. If ye had known me, ye would have known my Father also: from henceforth ye know him, and have seen him.

8. Philip saith unto him, Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us.

9. Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and dost thou not know me, Philip? he that hath seen me hath seen the Father; how sayest thou, Show us the Father?

10. Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? the words that I say unto you I speak not from myself: but the Father abiding in me doeth his works.

11. Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me: or else believe me for the very works' sake.

12. Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater *works* than these shall he do; because I go unto the Father.

13. And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.

14. If ye shall ask anything in my name, that will I do.

15. If ye love me, ye will keep my commandments.

16. And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may be with you for ever,

17. *Even* the Spirit of truth: whom the world cannot receive; for it beholdeth him not, neither knoweth him: ye know him; for he abideth with you, and shall be in you.

18. I will not leave you desolate: I come unto you.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be fearful.* —John 14:27.

SILENT PRAYER—*In my Christ identity I am at peace with myself and with all the world.*

This is a great I AM sermon, in which man is shown how to identify himself with God. It teaches him how to bridge over the gulf of separation from God that he has formed in his consciousness.

The first statement is a denial of fear: "Let not your heart be troubled." The gulf between what man is in the sight of God and what he appears to be in sense consciousness is so great that an ignorant fear sweeps over the mind when the claim of divine-human unity is made. We are told that it is sacrilegious for man to make a claim of unity with God—that the claim is not true. But Jesus says: "Believe in God, believe also in me." Believe that all that is true of God is true of man —the real *me* in every one.

The "many mansions" are degrees of realization of the true status of Being, and the "place" prepared by Jesus is a definite state of realization of Truth, into which may come all who take up and live the same denials and affirmations that He took up and lived. Those familiar with the power of man to establish certain mental states in consciousness perceive easily how it might be possible for One with the spiritual power of Jesus to fix right in each person's midst a place of harmony and peace (or heaven) into which might enter every one who should follow Him in mental discipline. "I go to prepare a place for you. . . . that where I am, *there* ye may be also." This place can be entered right here and now by all of you who are "renewed in the spirit of your mind," as recommended by Paul to the Ephesians.

Jesus talked from the I AM standpoint of now knowing and being. "And whither I go, ye know the way." But Thomas, who stands for reason as functioning in the realm of sense, cries out: "Lord, we know not whither thou goest; how know we the way?" Thus reason is always asking, "Where is the way? Oh, show me the way," expecting to find a path, with signboards pointing the direction. This is the cry of finite sense, which asks that unlimited Spirit be reduced to the limitations of sense. Jesus answers: "I am the way, and the truth, and the life: no one cometh unto the Father, but by me." The I AM in man, the center of attention, the identity, the simple *I*, the consciousness, is the

open door into the kingdom of God. Whoever has thought much about the mighty power of his own I AM, who has centered his attention upon the majestic *me* within his own being, has found the way to the Father. "From henceforth ye know him, and have seen him."

But Philip (the power of the word) says: "Show us the Father." This faculty must be raised to a realization of the omnipresence of Spirit, by an acknowledgment that the word of the I AM spoken through it is not of the finite human, but of God. "The words that I say unto you I speak not from myself: but the Father abiding in me doeth his works."

Here is the most wonderful treatment for divine realization ever given to the world: "Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me." The I AM is in the Father and the Father is in the I AM. Meditate upon this for but ten minutes each day for thirty days, and it will bring you into a new realization of Truth.

"He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater *works* than these shall he do." In order to do the great works that He did, Jesus must have known that the Spirit of God was in Him and that He was in essence, at the center of His being, one with God. Hence it follows that those who would do the "greater *works*" must have a like realization, and must sustain the same relation to the Father that Jesus sustained. "This mind . . . which was also in Christ Jesus," must say in us as it did in Him: "I am the Son of God"; "All authority hath been given unto me in heaven and on earth"; "Before Abraham was born, I am"; "If ye shall ask anything in my name, that will I do."

QUESTIONS

1. How can man get a realization of oneness with God?
2. Where are the "many mansions" and the "place," to which Jesus referred?
3. What faculty in man requires a broader understanding of spiritual identity?
4. What is the open door into the kingdom of God?

5. What is necessary in any one who would do the works of Jesus?

LESSON 12, MARCH 20, 1932.

Unity Subject—*Error Eradicated*—I AM *Demonstrated.*

International Subject—*Jesus Dies on the Cross.*—John 19:17-22, 25-30.

17. They took Jesus therefore: and he went out, bearing the cross for himself, unto the place called The place of a skull, which is called in Hebrew Golgotha:

18. Where they crucified him, and with him two others, on either side one, and Jesus in the midst.

19. And Pilate wrote a title also, and put it on the cross. And there was written, JESUS OF NAZARETH, THE KING OF THE JEWS.

20. This title therefore read many of the Jews, for the place where Jesus was crucified was nigh to the city; and it was written in Hebrew, *and* in Latin, *and* in Greek.

21. The chief priests of the Jews therefore said to Pilate, Write not, The King of the Jews; but, that he said, I am King of the Jews.

22. Pilate answered, What I have written I have written.

25. These things therefore the soldiers did. But there were standing by the cross of Jesus his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the *wife* of Clopas, and Mary Magdalene.

26. When Jesus therefore saw his mother, and the disciple standing by whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, Woman, behold, thy son!

27. Then saith he to the disciple, Behold, thy mother! And from that hour the disciple took her unto his own *home.*

28. After this Jesus, knowing that all things are now finished, that the scripture might be accomplished, saith, I thirst.

29. There was set there a vessel full of vinegar: so they put a sponge full of the vinegar upon hyssop, and brought it to his mouth.

30. When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, he said, It is finished: and he bowed his head, and gave up his spirit.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures.*—I Cor. 15:3.

SILENT PRAYER—*I am dead unto sin, but alive unto God in Christ Jesus.*

The limitations of the sense mind die on the cross; the I AM and the body do not die. The crucifixion depicts symbolically the final and full erasure of error from man's consciousness. Every time we give up an error there is a crucifixion. When we are willing to surrender all evil, when we succeed in erasing all error thoughts, beliefs, and activities from mind and body, the "death" on the cross is fully accomplished.

The cross represents two currents of thought in human consciousness. The perpendicular bar stands for the inner current of divine life, and the horizontal bar stands for the cross current of human limitation. Human limitation is the "mind of the flesh" of which Paul writes. It burdens the body with its erroneous beliefs. The sense mind ("mind of the flesh") has its center of action in the brain. The sense mind has to be crossed out in the final overcoming that the I AM undertakes—at "the place of a skull, which is called in Hebrew Golgotha."

Our primal object in wearing clothing is to gain protection for the body against the elements of nature —earth, air, fire, water. When the body is rid of its sense mind it has no further use for clothing, because it is no longer subject to the elements; then of its garments are "made four parts, to every soldier a part." The soldiers represent the power of the elements, and the garments refer to the thoughts that had clothed the organism, in its seemingly material aspect.

When you deny and give up sense thought, you give back to the powers that rule the lower realm all the beliefs that they claim. The "coat," "vesture," or "tunic" (margin), which was "without seam, woven from the top throughout," represents the consciousness of unity, the inner conviction of the universality of all things. Without this consciousness, error could not retain even

a semblance of permanency. Hence, in finally relinquishing the sensate-thought realm, one lets go the belief that it has a diversity of causes or elements, and a single soldier gets the vestment, which is an admission of the fact that one Cause, one unbroken life, one unchangeable Truth, runs through all manifestation.

The I AM, in the final relinquishment of sensate thought and of the temporal desires that this thought has woven into man's consciousness, retains its various forms of love. Though it may not take them with it into the universal realm of heavenly bliss where it abides, it provides for them in its heart center (love): Jesus gave His mother into John's keeping.

When the I AM has given up all personality, a mighty desire or "thirst" for life fills the body. The desire almost unconsciously goes back to earthly sources for satisfaction. This desire is symbolically fulfilled by the sop of "vinegar" that was passed to Jesus. Then man realizes that the things of this world can no longer satisfy him, and the sense mind gives up its ghostly existence. It is this consciousness of seeming mortality that cries out at the last breath of its existence, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

In the regeneration, which is symbolized in Jesus' crucifixion and resurrection, the carnal or false consciousness, which has been generated through ignorant thinking, is eliminated, and the *I* comes into clear understanding of its right relation to God. But the body, the instrument of the soul, has been so long dominated by the carnal mind that it lies for a time in a comatose condition after the carnal mind is taken away. This condition, which is commonly called death, results in physical disintegration unless the I AM has mastered the foolishness and ignorance of carnality and has cast it out of its temple before the sleep of death begins. Jesus prepared for this. He knew that He would have to cast out the false mentality and the succeeding negative condition in His body. Thus He knew the kind of death that He would have to die, but

He had prepared for it by building up in consciousness the true, spiritual life and its spiritual body. When the sense concept of life dissolved, He was so completely ready with the true concept that He raised His body.

The question is often asked: "Did Jesus rise from the dead with the same body that He had before He was crucified; and if so, what became of it?" The historical account of His resurrection makes it clear that Jesus had His crucified body after He rose from the tomb: "he showed them his hands and his side."

Jesus retained the mental (or soul) body for forty days, and then transmuted it to the spiritual realm, where it exists to this day as a spiritual body. The resurrection of Jesus in some measure takes place in us every time we rise to the realization that the perpetual, indwelling Christ life connects us with the Father. Through the uplifting power of the I AM in its true estate, we shall be able to elevate our subjective consciousness to the heavenly realm of thought, as Jesus did, and the ascension of our whole man will take place when the necessary development has been accomplished; that is when we have followed Him in the regeneration.

QUESTIONS

1. What is it that dies on the cross?
2. What is the lesson in the crucifixion?
3. What is represented by the "coat" or "vesture" of Jesus, that was "without seam, woven from the top throughout"?
4. How did Jesus raise His body?
5. When does the resurrection of Jesus take place in us?

LESSON 13, MARCH 27, 1932.

Unity Subject—*The Risen Lord.*

International Subject—*Jesus Rises from the Dead.* —John 20:11-20.

11. But Mary was standing without at the tomb weeping: so, as she wept, she stooped and looked into the tomb;

12. And she beholdeth two angels in white sitting, one at the head, and one at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain.

13. And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.

14. When she had thus said, she turned herself back, and beholdeth Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus.

15. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou hast borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.

16. Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turneth herself, and saith unto him in Hebrew, Rabboni; which is to say, Teacher.

17. Jesus saith to her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended unto the Father: but go unto my brethren, and say to them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and my God and your God.

18. Mary Magdalene cometh and telleth the disciples, I have seen the Lord; and *that* he had said these things unto her.

19. When therefore it was evening, on that day, the first *day* of the week, and when the doors were shut where the disciples were, for fear of the Jews, Jesus came and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace *be* unto you.

20. And when he had said this, he showed unto them his hands and his side. The disciples therefore were glad, when they saw the Lord.

GOLDEN TEXT—*But now hath Christ been raised from the dead, the firstfruits of them that are asleep.* —I Cor. 15:20.

SILENT PRAYER—*I am daily resurrected with a new consciousness of perfection in mind and body.*

On the resurrection morning the friends and followers of Jesus seemed to have forgotten His promise that He would rise from the dead, and they looked for His body in the tomb. This incident shows that, when the belief in death has overshadowed us, it darkens the understanding; we must pass from under this cloud be-

fore we can be conscious of the presence of awakened life. Mary was searching for her Lord and Master in the tomb, even while He was at her side. John and Peter failed to find Him where they had expected Him to be, and "went away again unto their own home."

These incidents represent phases of consciousness in the mind that has crucified and buried some error idea. When we fail to realize our great hopes we seem to lose our hold on life. Without the Christ to lift us up, we are sorrowful indeed. In this state of mind we should turn back to Christ Jesus (I AM), who stands near by, and who says to the soul, "Why weepest thou? whom seekest thou?" Grief and the search for the lost one in some external place are then done away with quickly. The ascending thought of the I AM is the saving idea. "I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and my God and your God."

The resurrection of Jesus takes place in us every time we thus rise to realization of the perpetual indwelling life that connects us with the Father. We leave in the tomb of matter the graveclothes of so-called mortal sense (the sense of being mortal and limited), which are thoughts of man's limitation and of his unavoidable obedience to material laws. Material laws are the laws that man has made for himself and his world; they hold their maker in limitation.

The I AM is a lawmaker, but in order to rise into the realm of pure ideas it must be freed from the clinging affections of the soul. (Jesus said to Mary, "Touch me not.") The "two angels . . . one at the head, and one at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain," represent the pure, undefiled ideas of man's spiritual body that are always present in Divine Mind. These two bright and shining thoughts said to the weeping Mary: "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen."

The most effective consolation that we can give to those who sorrow for the dead is to deny for them the human belief in death and separation. This denial dis-

sipates the flood of sorrow thoughts that submerges the souls of those who mourn. Jesus did not want the sorrowing Mary thought to touch Him. The spiritual mind does not grieve; it does not look to matter and the limitations of the flesh for life eternal.

Always keep to your highest thoughts and deny every suggestion of sorrow or loss. To dress in mourning and to use black-bordered stationery, "out of respect for the dead," is seen to be a mistaken idea, and is being less and less generally observed. The children of darkness wear sackcloth and sit in ashes, but the children of light rejoice, look up (ascend in thought to the Father), and are set free from the burden of grief and from belief in death and separation.

To gain a living faith in the reality of the risen Lord, it is necessary to shut out the narrow concept of life that has dominated the mind heretofore, (the concept of life as a period of existence that is definitely terminated by death) and to concentrate all the ideas upon contemplation of the triumphant and eternal life of Spirit. Then the fact that Jesus Christ is truly alive now, and that He is as truly the Prince of Peace at this time as He was two thousand years ago, will become clear and convincing. When we see the Lord as a risen Lord, all our thoughts (disciples) will be filled with gladness.

QUESTIONS

1. Jesus' followers looked for His body in the tomb. Explain the significance of this incident.

2. What is the result of failure to realize some great hope? What is the remedy for this condition?

3. How often does the resurrection take place in us? What are the "graveclothes"? What does it mean to "overcome the world"?

4. How would you console one who is in grief? Should one who is interested in spiritual progression allow a sorrowing thought to touch him?

5. How can gladness be realized as as actual state of mind?

BE STILL, AND KNOW

Words by
Mrs. J. O. GILBERT

Music by
EDWARD DIDDLE

1. "Be still, and know," oh, bless - ed
2. "Be still, and know" e - ter - nal
3. "Be still, and know" a - bun - dant
4. "Be still, and know" you're Spir - it,
words, This mes - sage from the Lord of lords
peace And har - mo - nies that nev - er cease,
store Is yours in heav'n for - ev - er - more,
free, Have al - ways been, will al - ways be;
Un - meas - ured joy and peace af - fords—
With faith that ev - er must in - crease—
With joy - ous grat - i - tude a - dore—
Right now you're in e - ter - ni - ty.
"Be still, and know that I am God."
"Be still, and know that I am God."
"Be still, and know that I am God."
"Be still, and know that I am God."

One Word

By HARRIET GILFILLAN

IT IS remarkable how the changing of one word has affected our entire family.

I never realized before how many times during the day I would use the word "old." It was a habit with me, and in looking back I realize that I've used the negative word "old" thousands of times.

It was my son, aged four, who brought it forcibly to my notice. Holding him in my arms one day, I said, in a burst of affection, "Ralphie is Mama's dear old sweetheart." He looked at me with a thoughtful expression on his face for a second, then he announced:

"Me not old, me new."

Several times that same day he used the expression, until I began to think intensely about it.

With a shock, it suddenly came to me that I was attracting undesirable conditions by the use of that negative word. How could I expect things and conditions to be different when I classed everything, and everybody, as "old"?

I began to watch myself very carefully. I compelled myself to drop "old" from my vocabulary. It was wonderful how quickly everybody, myself included, changed as to health, disposition, and appearance.

The children had always been classed as old for their years. I started to visualize them all as filled with "new" life, and vitality. And "Mother's dear old darlings" became "dear young darlings," with Mother's change of expression.

Ralphie especially, who had never appeared very robust, began to show signs of great improvement. He gained in weight, grew husky and strong, and every one began to remark about how well he seemed.

"I had to look twice," one of my friends said, "to see if it was really Ralphie on the sidewalk, when I

came in."

And to see them all bound into the water for a swim, instead of shivering on the edge of the pool as formerly, is a treat.

I come in on that treat too. You see, I always used to announce, very placidly, when the children would try to coax me into the water, "Mother's too old and plump for that kind of exertion." Now I realized that I must set them a good example. I bought a bathing suit and made the plunge.

The children thought it great fun to have me in the water with them. And how I began to enjoy myself! I felt like a new woman, younger than I had for years. In learning to swim, I lost my excess weight, and changed from "old" and "plump" to being young, and full of life.

AS I CHANGED the family changed also, and grew young and happy, and wanted to do something all the time. Gone was that listless, tired-out attitude of former years. "Dear old Daddy," who was always worn out when the day's work was over, now declares that he feels "like a new man" since I've stopped repeating "Dear old Daddy" numerous times in the course of the day.

And conditions?

"These old debts are awful; we'll be old and gray before we get them paid up," were the words with

Whatever high station you may be placed in by fortune, remember this, that God will not estimate you by the office, but by the manner in which you fill it.
—CHANNING

which I kept those debts with us. I began to give thanks that my husband had a good job, instead of a "horrid old" one. He received a raise in his salary.

Former grumblings over the "old" floor coverings

gave way to thanks for good solid floors, and I sang as I scrubbed them, instead of mingling my tears with the water in the bucket, as I used to do, in self-pity. With the raise in salary we bought new linoleum.

One good led to another. The "awful old debts" just melted away. They were quickly paid off, when I began to talk cheerfully about them. "I am so glad

We praise Thee and bless Thee, O Father, for countless blessings which surround us. Our hearts are filled with love toward all the world and we abide in peace.—M. L. F.

that we are able to pay them quickly," I would say, and it started to work out that way. We quickly paid all the back accounts.

With the elimination of that word "old," and with unbounded enthusiasm over the results, this last year in every way has been for us a record of progress and increasing happiness.

"How forcible are words of uprightness!" said Job. And we read: "Find out acceptable words . . . *even* words of truth."

When requesting us to CHANGE YOUR ADDRESS, please be sure to state which of our six magazines you are receiving and whether you are using a Prosperity Bank. This will assist us very much, and also assure you that your address is changed on all lists affected

SILENT UNITY

Be still, and know that I am God

In my integrity within me, where I know and see as God, I know and see myself to be free, wise, and immortal

The Society of Silent Unity, founded more than thirty-five years ago, is the healing department of Unity School, ministering, without seeing them, to those who need help.

Our purpose is to aid through prayer all persons who, having faith in the power of God, ask for help.

Our temporal needs are met by the freewill offerings of those to whom we minister. "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, shaken together, running over."

Our Silent Unity group numbers some ninety consecrated workers who are devoting their lives to God's work for humanity. They are proving daily that physical, financial, mental, and spiritual difficulties can be overcome by righteous prayer. Even though everything else may have failed, we shall pray *with* you, for we have faith that "with God all things are possible."

We pray *with* you and also instruct you how to pray to the Father in secret in order that you may help yourself. Silent Unity is praying always, and your coöperation in prayer is of mutual benefit. Do not hesitate to write to us for help because your problem is personal. All correspondence is confidential.

Give your full name and address. Address your request to

SOCIETY OF SILENT UNITY
UNITY SCHOOL OF CHRISTIANITY
917 Tracy, Kansas City, Mo.
Cable address: Unity, Kansas City.

Health and Prosperity

A textbook on the redemption or reconstruction of man should cover every phase of human character. Human egotism should be repressed, spiritual identity exalted. Remedies for the greatest ills of humanity should be given plentifully, and the lesser evils minimized.

Our Scriptures and "the Spirit of truth" recommended by Jesus combined form such a textbook for Christians. In this combination is found instruction fitted to the needs of the multitude. The timid and fearful read, "Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of good courage; be not affrighted, neither be thou dismayed: for Jehovah thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest."

How an inflated personal ego usurps and finally destroys one who has at one time been anointed king of Israel is illustrated in the life of Saul. The stimulation of the spiritual ego is forcefully taught and demonstrated by prophets and great religious leaders. It is written in the Psalms,

"I said, Ye are gods,
And all of you sons of the Most High."

Jesus reiterated this and was condemned by the Pharisees because He declared, "I and the Father are one."

Christian metaphysicians have discovered that the formation in man of the Christ mind can be greatly accelerated by using affirmations that identify oneself with the Christ. These affirmations

often are so far beyond the present attainment of the novice as to seem ridiculous. But when it is understood that the statements are grouped about an ideal to be attained, they seem fair and reasonable.

The spiritual man is clothed upon by the aspirations, the thoughts, and the acts of the natural or physical man. It is here, in this so-called realm of matter, that character is formed. Faith, prayer, meditation, and inward resolutions identify one with the spiritual man, and form in both mind and body the things affirmed. There was no visible evidence of Jesus' unity with the Father when He affirmed, "I and the Father are one." His disciples said: "Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us." So we find that we must be true to our ideals, and clothe them in our mind with assumptions of their tangibility, even before they have appeared. We must pray, believing that we have received, and we shall receive.

States of mind established in the consciousness gather to themselves vitamins, cells, nerves, muscles, the flesh itself. To see oneself in mind spiritually courageous, strong, and healthy will form a cell vortex in the primal elements of the organism, which, in due season, will work to the surface in a perfect body.

We must all learn to look to the mental man for causes. For example, no one but a metaphysician knows the origin of disease germs. The physician takes it for granted that disease germs exist as an integral part of the natural world; the metaphysician sees disease germs as the mani-

fested results of anger, revenge, jealousy, fear, impurity, and many other mind activities. A change of mind will change the character of the germ. Love, courage, peace, strength, and good will form germs of good character and build bodily structures of a nature like these qualities of mind.

The same general law is carried out in everything with which man has to do. Financial success or failure depends upon the attitude of mind that is active in those who either achieve success or fall under the negations of failure. To attain prosperity, think about prosperity, industry, and efficiency. Fill your mind with thoughts of success; realize that the fullness of all good belongs to you by divine right. To this add a feeling of happiness and joy, and you have the concomitants of prosperity. Hence our prosperity word this month is a fine foundation for the prosperity that will follow its faithful use. Say often to yourself, both audibly and silently, "*I see myself crowned with success, and happy in my prosperity.*"

HEALING THOUGHT

I see myself spiritually—mighty, courageous, strong, healthy

PROSPERITY THOUGHT

I see myself crowned with success, and happy in my prosperity

To UNITY Subscribers:

Has UNITY helped you? If it has, is it not good logic that it will help others?

Have you passed it along? Are you sowing the good seed? It is an easy task to hand a copy of UNITY to one in need, and the results are sure to be gratifying. Please give this magazine to the person that you think needs it most.

Will you co-operate with us in the Master's work?

Faithfully yours,

The Editors

PRAYERS ANSWERED

The following testimonials come from persons who have been healed by the power of Spirit. These testimonials are expressions of the writers' gratitude to God for His wonderful love. Many of the writers acknowledge also the helpful ministry of Silent Unity. Those who wish to gain inspiration from some one whom God has healed may write, in care of the Unity School editorial department, to givers of these testimonials. Each letter must give the initials and address of the person to whom it is to be forwarded; also the name and date of the periodical in which the testimonial appeared

I WILL COME AND HEAL

THIS is a belated acknowledgment and also an appreciation of the help given us by Silent Unity. Perhaps the telling of our experience may bring hope and courage and blessing to some one who is now discouraged, and almost ready to accept the "final word" of the physician and abandon hope, as we were three years ago.

It was a little over three years ago that our family physician called me into his private office and said: "Mr. S——, your wife is not going to be here very long." I asked him why he said that. He replied, "I have been treating your wife for many years, and at my suggestion you took her to the clinic at Ann Arbor and consulted the noted heart specialist in Chicago, and the physicians all agreed with me in their diagnosis that she has a very pronounced leakage of the heart. Angina pectoris is evident and, with her very high blood pressure, she may pass on at any time; I would say before nine months, to state the outside limit. I speak of it now because she fails to respond

to any of the medicines that I give her, and this presages a breakdown of the entire system. Her kidneys and liver do not function properly, and they do not respond to any treatment that I can give her."

The next day I told the children, and we were a very gloomy family, resigned to what seemed to be the inevitable.

A few days later a young woman called at the house, and, after inquiring about my wife's health, calmly said to her, "You can be perfectly well if you want to be." My first reaction was to say, "Oh, yes? You know more than the physicians who have made an intensive study of this particular case." But I said nothing; I just let her go on and tell us about Silent Unity. Neither my wife nor I were very enthusiastic, but when the young woman finally said, "Well, if I write to Silent Unity for prayers for you, and you give me permission to sign it, will you promise to follow their instructions when they send them to you?" The least my wife could do in the face of so much enthusiasm was to agree to let her write and to help as much as she could when the reply was received from Kansas City.

It was a wonderful day for us when that letter was sent to Silent Unity. There is no need for me to go into all the details, but from the moment that the letter was sent my wife began to feel better and three days later, when she went to take the regular twice-a-week electric treatment, the doctor said, "She is better today," and a week later he said, "She's a lot better," and in another week he said, "Well, whatever you are doing, just keep it up," and now she is perfectly well. We have been earnest and enthusiastic students of Unity since that day three years ago, and we know now that the young student, who urged us to write to Unity for prayers and finally wrote herself, was the first of many unexpected blessings that have come to us; and by no means the least of them is our introduction to the Unity School of Christianity, for here

we have found the answer to all the wonderings and questions and doubts of a lifetime.—*P. B. S., Winter Park, Fla.*

YOU MAY cease your prayers for Mr. J. A. M——, for he has entirely recovered. Right after I asked your help he began to mend, and all that I can say is, "God bless you for your wonderful help." I appreciate it more than I can write. Inclosed is a love offering.—*K. M. H., Kansas City, Mo.*

FILLED WITH PLENTY

I AM writing to thank you, in God's name, for my success. A short time ago I wrote to you for prayers that I might be retained in my school. On the day that school opened, I was told that I was to remain in the school system. Thank you for your help.—*E. F., Montgomery, W. Va.*

THE LAST of May I wired to you for help. I had been laid off after seventeen years of service with one firm, as traveling salesman for a nationally known product.

You wired to me, "Divine love meets your every need." Divine love has met and is meeting my every need. I have received several communications from you that have been very helpful. God seemed to direct me to take a vacation for sixty days—partly because I needed a rest, and also to give my former employers an opportunity to call me back. They had assured me at the time of my lay-off that it was only a leave of absence. The first of August I went to Oak Park to visit my brother-in-law, and to start my campaign for a new position. Within two weeks' time I had two positions offered me. The one that I accepted I am sure will develop into a very good place.

I can honestly say that I have left my affairs absolutely in God's hands. In my present position it has been necessary for me to draw heavily on God's

wisdom, for I know practically nothing about the details of this work. But with God's help I am going forward, for "I can do all things in him that strengtheneth me." I am giving God the credit for my demonstration, but without your help, your prayers, and the inspiration and guidance of your literature, I never could have received the blessing. God bless and prosper your work!—*A. D. B., Kalamazoo, Mich.*

HE SHALL HAVE ABUNDANCE

THE Prosperity Bank has brought me the most wonderful demonstration that I have ever had in finance. Steadily I am learning to make my oneness with the Father. Holding steadily to the strong statements, I have worked and known that God is the only supply. I do thank you for your prayers, which have lifted me to this realization. I praise our Father for the opportunities that have come this year to help others. —*A. V. W., Los Angeles, Calif.*

THE prosperity bank drill helps so much to keep one happy and close to God! It has helped me to find contentment, which I thought I would never have again.

I have worn glasses since I was a small child, and an eye specialist said that I could never go without them. Since I began to study Truth through Unity teachings and using the bank drill, I have given up my glasses, and my sight is perfect. God bless you! —*J. B. C., New York City.*

A FEW days after I started to use the bank drill I received the contract for a six-thousand-dollar job, the first real business I have had in almost two years.—*G. P. C., Philadelphia, Pa.*

THE PROSPERITY bank brings the most wonderful demonstrations and the drill is very helpful. The prayer that you sent me for my mother helped her

very much. She had pleurisy so badly that she couldn't turn in bed—now she turns herself and sits up an hour or so each day. Please send me another bank.—*R. L. S., Champaign, Ill.*

THE UNITY Prosperity Bank drill has meant more to me than I can ever tell you. God has abundantly prospered me, and I shall continue the use of the bank. —*M. Y., Kansas City, Kans.*

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES

INCLOSED herewith you will find Lesson 5, and also my love offering of two dollars. This course is more than meeting all my expectations. I especially appreciate my being able to do this work at my convenience, and in this way avoid rushing. If I listed the many things that I have to be grateful for, things that have come to me through my better understanding of Truth, it would take many sheets of paper. The one thing that I notice most of all is how happy I am. Even my everyday tasks are giving me pleasure. With my love and best wishes for the continued success of this department.—*Mrs. F. A. S., Everett, Wash.*

LET ME thank you for the splendid grading given me on Lesson 6. Also, for the notations attached to the examination papers. From these notations I have already gleaned clearer ideas, and I shall study them more. Also, I thank you for your wonderful letter of inspiration. My whole heart is given to the study of this course. I now rise at 4 a. m., to have two of the day's first hours for study, for after a day's work and activity I find the evening not so well suited. "I know that my Redeemer liveth" within me, and shall be revealed to me, glorious, radiant, clear. Thanking you with all my heart.—*C. S., Los Angeles, Calif.*

MY HELP COMETH FROM JEHOVAH

WE HAVE had two weeks with our *Metaphysical Bible Dictionary* and find it filled with live

truths. Each page is laden with gold for the soul that is in the process of regeneration.

The thought and meditation given to its production makes it indispensable to those who are seeking applicable statements for the upliftment and enlightenment of the whole consciousness. Study of this book in connection with the Bible helps one to open the consciousness to the inner light as nothing else can do.

We are very thankful to have the autographed copy, and we trust that thousands will purchase the book and use it as much as we will use it.

The 13th chapter of I Corinthians, printed in the form of a cross, following the autographed page is wonderful and serves as a very loving introduction to the book as a whole. It is a unique expression of a very fine inspiration. We know the whole chapter by heart and were more than pleased to see it almost the first thing upon opening the book.

The cross is a very fitting form for the chapter, for, in daily living its statements, one surely needs to "take up the cross daily." We know from experience.

May the light of the Holy Spirit continue to inspire the writers of the *Metaphysical Bible Dictionary* and to lead them into new understanding and love. And may the Unity work continue to go forward as a light and blessing to the world, and may each worker be abundantly blessed.—*E. and V. G., Corona, Calif.*

WORDS are not capable of expressing my gratitude to you and to all the Unity literature (and I have most of it) for the tremendous help and happiness that you have given me since I first saw a copy of *Weekly Unity* five years ago. Life is entirely different, and I am continually discovering new phases of Truth.—*I. R., Torquay, Devon, England.*

LOVE ONE ANOTHER

I WISH that I could tell you how much Unity teachings mean to me in the management of my home

and my children. We are all learning to apply Truth to even the smallest thing, and we feel always safe and secure. I know that God blesses you all in the wonderful work that you are doing.—*Mrs. H. S. O., Lincoln, Nebr.*

HE IS MY REFUGE

NEARLY a month ago I wrote to you, asking your prayers for healing, illumination, and prosperity for myself. I am happy to say that I have been blessed in all ways, and you may discontinue prayers.

I thank God for His wonderful blessings, and I thank you good people in Silent Unity for your prayers. God bless you, and may your good work go on and on! —*L. P., Topeka, Kans.*

I HAVE found "Effective Prayer" in November *Unity* most helpful, and I'm studying it each day with excellent results. It just seems to fit me in many ways. A thought of neuritis in my right arm has gone this last week after but a few days of discomfort. As I had had a seven-week session with it two or three years ago, I am most thankful for this demonstration. I like the prosperity-bank idea very much, and our finances seem to be improving.—*L. R. D., Los Gatos, Calif.*

PLEASE send me a prosperity bank. I have used several of them and, while doing so, I feel very much happier. It's the happiness that comes from giving. Your Unity magazines are wonderful and during these times keep me steady and knowing the good, despite appearances. May your work prosper and continue to bless others.—*Mrs. W. A. A., Seattle, Wash.*

I AM writing you a few lines of whole-hearted appreciation for the prosperity bank, the contents of which I am joyously inclosing.

All the magazines are arriving most regularly, thank you, even *Unity Daily Word* getting here in time for the first of the month, which is rather wonderful, don't you think? I am able to read and meditate on the first lessons at the same time that you do at Unity, thousands of miles away. I especially like "For Thy Benediction," in September *Unity Daily Word,* it is so trustful and beautiful. I love all your magazines and I thank you for them.—*W. S., Culcairn, N. S. W., Australia.*

FATHER, I THANK THEE

MY COPY of *Lovingly in the Hands of the Father,* by Evelyn Whitell, came yesterday. I have not had time to read it through, for I like to take it slowly, but the first chapter is so beautiful and so helpful that I want others to read it. Please send me three more copies, and a prosperity bank.—*E. A. C., Peru, Nebr.*

MANY thanks for your words of advice and comfort, and most of all for your prayers. Since I received your letter, three financial needs have been met from as many sources. The spiritual side—of more faith in the Father's power, more thanksgiving for His salvation and His benefits, and more real joy and love in Him—has been increased.—*A. C. C., Towanda, Ill.*

UNITY teachings mean so much to me that I find my words do not tell you half that you have done. May your good go on and on, reaching hearts like mine that are hungry for Truth. It was a dear friend of mine in our neighborhood who handed me some of your literature. My efforts toward taking this into my life are reaching out through our entire family. Your little candle is sending its rays far, and they will never stop. God bless you in all your efforts.—*Mrs. A. R. H., Glendale, Calif.*

Help From
SILENT UNITY

These are extracts from letters that Silent Unity has written to those who have asked our help in finding and obeying the divine law of life

"You tell me not to say that any one has broken the divine law. Do you not believe that man transgresses? The Bible says that carnal mind is at enmity with God. As long as man has not found the divine Spirit within himself he is carnal-minded, is he not? Webster's dictionary says that a transgressor is one who breaks a law."—*Extract from a letter answered by Silent Unity.*

We have asked you not to say that any one transgresses the law, because every time you say it you are binding that very appearance upon the one of whom you speak. The dictionary is not as good an authority as God, who said, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness." We set people free by declaring that they willingly keep the divine law. We bind them by declaring that they break the law. So, if you wish to make free, you must declare freedom. If you would help a person to gain spiritual understanding you must declare that he desires spiritual understanding, and that he is open and receptive to it. You make free from the carnal mind by declaring that Divine Mind finds expression through the life of the one of whom you speak.

In view of the demonstrations of metaphysical healers on persons who had absolutely no faith whatever, either in the practitioner or the practice, the sayings of Jesus, "Thy faith hath made thee whole," "According to thy faith be it unto thee," and the like, have always puzzled me somewhat. I have always told people who said that they could not get any benefit from treatment because they had no faith in it that they did not have to have faith, that it was the practitioner that had to have faith. How do you account

for the healing of such a person, or of one whom you treat without his knowledge or consent, at the request of a relative, and who possibly would be opposed (ignorantly, of course) to having such treatment if he knew of it? Does the practitioner arouse faith in the consciousness of the patient, or is it injected mentally, so to speak? We know that such persons are healed, at least they are healed to all appearance. Your explanations are so clear and satisfying, that I should like to be enlightened on this point.—*Extract from a letter answered by Silent Unity.*

We hold that faith is necessary in every case of healing, and the closer we get with the faith consciousness to the mind of the patient, the more effective the work. The practitioner is the focal center of faith and through him it reaches the patient, directly or by means of some one very much interested in him. Where the interest is great on the part of the friend, or relative, the healing force seems to work with marvelous rapidity. When Jesus healed the centurion's servant, He commented on the great faith of the centurion, and "the servant was healed in that hour."

One who is sick is not conscious of his spiritual mind, which if stirred into action would heal him. Faith is one of the innate faculties of the spiritual mind, and when it is quickened there is a response all along the line, and impetus and power are gathered and increased in proportion to the faith that can be marshaled into the healing idea.

We find that there is practically no limit to our healing power if we can get the attention of the patient. If the patient has a tendency to doubt or argue, no quick work can be done. In such cases the healing is a laborious process of convincing the Thomas intellect.

But those who are healed without their conscious coöperation must eventually come to the knowledge of the healing power of Truth, or the healing will not be permanent. Faith energizes, stimulates, and vitalizes the whole man, but it does not change his thoughts. Peter was filled with faith, but he still re-

tained in his subconsciousness the old carnal-mindedness, which would crop out until he was, through testing, made strong in righteousness. However, those who let faith express in them will through it be led eventually to see and measure up to the high standard that it sets in the mind.

As a seed thought, faith is sometimes very small, and patients often think that they have no faith when they come to a healer, but the fact that they do come shows that the "mustard seed" is there and, given a chance, will grow to a "great tree," even the tree of life eternal.

Does not the Bible teach that the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children? Is it not a law of nature? I am not complaining; the Lord's will be done. —*Extract from a letter answered by Silent Unity.*

You are the offspring of God. Count your inheritance from Him, and know that you are like your Father, God—that you have His abundant life, and His strength and wisdom. While you hold yourself in bondage to the belief of inheritance from father or mother according to the flesh, you will of course remain bound. It is a thought bondage, and manifests outwardly in physical inharmony. Jesus Christ came and is here to set you free. Claim your freedom after this manner:

"I am the offspring of God, and I inherit my Father's perfect mind and life. I am free from all thought bondage about inheritance, and I thank God for my freedom in Jesus Christ."

We do not believe that it is God's will for His children to suffer. If the sins of the fathers are visited on the children it is through the law of thought, and you can take advantage of this same law and think the Truth that makes you free. "In those days they shall say no more, The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge." "What mean ye that ye use this proverb saying, The fathers have eaten

sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge? As I live, saith the Lord God, ye shall not have occasion any more to use this proverb in Israel."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox says:

There is no thing we cannot overcome.
Say not thy evil instinct is inherited,
Or that some trait inborn makes thy whole life forlorn,
And calls down punishment that is not merited.

Back of thy parents and grandparents lies
The great eternal Will. That, too, is thine
Inheritance: strong, beautiful, divine;
Sure lever of success for one who tries.

Is not man made by his environment? Those who do not have to toil for a living can develop spiritually, but those who must work early and late have no time for spiritual things. If a person had a large income so that he could devote his time to study, he would have some chance to grow spiritually.—*Extract from a letter answered by Silent Unity.*

We believe that man is the creation of environment only so far as he is ignorant of the Truth of Being. If the way is open to *any one* to make himself a spiritual environment, it is open to all. This is the call of Jesus Christ to the world, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." It is the privilege of every one to let go of the world's ways and ambitions and methods, and to rest in the consciousness of the wisdom and power of the indwelling Christ. "I can do all things in him that strengtheneth me." Those who toil in the world's way must some time be willing to accept the easy way of Spirit. Our acceptance of Spirit is not a matter of income, but of realization of God as the infinite source of supply, able and willing to meet the daily needs. No promise is made that men shall lay up treasure and then seek God. Read and meditate daily on Matthew 6:19-34.

THE PURPOSE OF UNITY

THE Unity School of Christianity is an independent educational institution, teaching the use of the Jesus Christ doctrine in everyday life.

Its purpose is not to found a new church or sect, but to help and to teach men and women of every church, and also those who have no church affiliations, to use and prove eternal Truth as taught by the Master.

The Unity teachings explain the action of mind, the connecting link between God and man. They explain how the mind affects the body, producing discord or harmony; how it can bring man into understanding of divine law.

We suggest that you accept what, in our literature, appears to you to be Truth, and that you withhold judgment on the remainder until you understand it better. If you seek the Holy Spirit as your guide into the fullness of Truth, you will know what is of God and what is of man.

As we keep on searching for Truth, we no doubt shall change some of our ideas, until everything short of the perfect will of God is dropped from our life and from our doctrine. There would be no difference of opinion among Christians if human ideas did not prevail widely, for there is but one Truth, and some day we "shall see eye to eye."

Unity centers and study classes are independent associations of Unity students formed to provide places of assembly, where the principles of practical Christianity, as set forth by Jesus Christ and interpreted in the light of present-day experience by Unity School of Christianity, are taught.

Unity centers provide a place of religious research for all people regardless of creed, and give helpful instruction in Christian living through devotional services, systematic study, and individual instruction. Each center, through its ministry, demonstrates its own financial supply.

No one should open a Unity center or study class without consulting the Unity Field Department. Contact with this department is necessary in order to conform with the standard of preparation required of Unity teachers and leaders, as well as to comply with the code of ethics and the policies developed for Unity field work. Through its Field Department, Unity School offers an advisory service, based on the policy and practice of the ministry of Truth at Unity headquarters and successful centers, for the purpose of maintaining high standards of center conduct.

Words Bring Fulfillment

If you want a certain good thing to come to you, hasten its approach by using only words that describe the fulfillment of your desire. Your words, whether thought or spoken, if they be strong enough, and if you use them persistently enough, will manifest in your affairs. Let the Unity Good Words Club help you to form the habit of using only constructive words. Address a card to the club, 917 Tracy, Kansas City, Mo.

An "Entertainment" Canceled

Many interesting incidents are reported in letters from prisoners to our Silent-70 Department. One prisoner to whom Silent-70 had sent *Lessons in Truth* and *Weekly Unity*, free of charge, wrote that he had experienced an entire change of heart as a result of reading the article, "Easy Money," in *Weekly Unity*. He said that several persons had profited at his expense, and were the cause of his trouble, and that he had planned "a little entertainment" for them in revenge. However, as a result of studying his *Weekly Unity*, he had decided to seek better associates, instead of carrying out his plans for revenge on his old ones.

If Your Answer is "YES"

Do you want to know your true self? Do you want to learn how to live? Do you feel that you have potential ability for Christian leadership? Are you now a leader, but desire a deeper understanding of Truth? Do you want to know more about Unity Training School, and how it can help you? If your answer to any of these questions is "yes," write to Dean, Unity Training School, 917 Tracy, Kansas City, Missouri, and ask for a 1932 prospectus of the Training School.

Presented in Other Unity

You Make Your Own Environment

Joe Denton, much abused and accused, was so undeniably capable that he was an easy winner of every public office to which he aspired. But Joe was unhappy. Underneath his mask of indifference lay a hurt soul, which cried out for friendship and sympathetic understanding. It took his pastor to analyze Joe's true feelings, and to point out the remedy. It was a simple one, and it worked perfectly. Read "The Worm Turned," by Frank H. Evans, in March *Christian Business*, and learn how Joe emerged from an atmosphere of antagonism to one of extreme popularity and respect.

Achievement Lies in Overcoming

"Never yet has the heart that is fortified by the Truth of Christ gone down in defeat, even when it has been surrounded by seemingly insurmountable difficulties," says Lucille Curtis, in "The High Heart," an article appearing in a March issue of *Weekly Unity*. Faith, steadfastness of purpose, is the keynote of this article. You should gain from it the inspiration to turn every seeming defeat into a victory.

"Where There's a Will There's a Way"

"If we leave a carrot or a piece of cabbage outside our front door, will the Easter rabbit leave us a basket of all-colored eggs?" This was the question excitedly propounded by little Chris, and he would not be discouraged by Sister Emmy's suggestion that they probably lived too far from

Periodicals This Month

the main road to expect the Easter rabbit to call. How Emmy wished that little Chris could have an Easter basket! She wished so hard that her wish took shape in a plan for its accomplishment. Children will adore this lovely Easter story in *Wee Wisdom,* "Easter Rabbit Obeys the Traffic Signal," by Selma Laraway.

Mental Freedom—the Gift of God

Why engage in mental warfare? You are sure to be the loser. No person has power to disturb your peace of mind, except as you allow him to do so, for mental freedom is a precious gift of God. In *Unity Daily Word* this month an interesting article, entitled "A Personal Problem Solved," tells how a woman learned to discipline her thoughts, and how she found peace, her antagonist afterward becoming her warm friend.

From Algebra to Lilies

The March issue of *Youth* marks the beginning of a three-part serial story, "Rebirth," by Esse Hamot. In the first installment you will find Denny McCune in his freshman year at Hannley College. How Denny loathed algebra! And how he loved to work with his hands, to make colorful things! This story, interwoven with exciting events of college life, traces the conflict in a boy's heart, a clash between his earnest effort to carry out his beloved mother's cherished desire, and his own deep longing to do something entirely different. How Denny found himself at last, a revelation in which California lilies play a part, is portrayed in this gripping story, which will hold your interest through all three installments.

DIRECTORY

(For Your Convenience)

ALABAMA

Birmingham—Unity Cen, 229½ N 18
Mobile—Unity Cen, 1315 Browne; Unity Study Class, 236 N Conception

ARIZONA

Phoenix—Unity Cen, Title & Trust bldg

ARKANSAS

Little Rock—Unity Cen, 809 W 15th

CALIFORNIA

Alameda—Home of Truth, 1300 Grand
Bakersfield—Unity Tr Cen, 1669½ Chester
Burbank—Unity Cen, 216 Gregg bldg
Fresno—E Weisenberger, 105 N Van Ness
Glendale—Unity Cen, 109 A So Central
Hollywood—Unity Lib, 1030 N Western; Unity Cen, 7543 Norton; Mrs R S Salmon, 1316 Cherokee; Truth Cen, 1642 N Cherokee; Unity Study Class, 1645½ N Winona [Queen
Inglewood—Unity Truth Ministry, 426 E
Ione—Unity Circle
Long Beach—Unity Soc, 432 Locust; Metaphysical Studio, 121 Chestnut
Los Angeles—Unity Temple, 2120 S Union; Unity Fellowship, 1932 W 7th; Unity Truth Cen, 640 S New Hampshire; Home of Truth, 1975 W Wash; Bullocks; Unity Assembly, 233 S Bdwy; Unity Class, 2800 Brighton; Unity Harmony Cen, 845 S Bdwy; Christian Unity, 148 N Gramercy pl; Unity Fellowship Cen, 1002 S Burger; DeVores & Co, 843 S Grand; Jones Book St, 743 W 7th; Fowler Bros, 747 S Bdwy; Advance Book Co, 628 W 8th; Unity Health Cen, 4118 Central; Meta Cen, Hotel Belmont; Edward Hoykendorf, Haas bldg
Modesto—Unity Reading Rm, 1324 11th
Napa—Unity Cen, 938 Seminary
Oakland—Unity Cen, 1450-B Alice; Truth Cen, 3006 Fruitvale; Meta Lib, 532 16th, Study Class, 878 Wood; H C Capwell & Co
Pasadena—Unity Soc, 11 N Oak Knoll; Church of Truth, 690 E Orange Grove; Unity Cen, 65 S Roosevelt
Pomona—Meta Bk sh, 684 W 3d
Redlands—Leona Ballou, 906 Tribune
Richmond—Beulah W Tiller, 146 2d
Sacramento—Unity Cen, 921 10th
San Bernardino—Unity Cen, 2189 E St
San Diego—Unity Soc, 412 A; Artemisia Book Sh, 1186 6th
San Francisco—Unity Temple, 26 O'Farrell; Meta Lib, 177 Post; Calif Truth Cen, 63 Post; Unity Cen, 1212 Market; Paul Elder Co, 239 Post; The Emporium; Unity Book Sh, 115 O'Farrell
San Jose—Christian Assembly, 72 N 5th
Santa Barbara—Truth Cen, 277 E Arrelaga
Santa Cruz—Truth Cen, 151 Garfield; Meta Lib, 35 Walnut
Santa Monica—Unity Cen, 528 Arizona; Universal Truth Lib, 1337 Ocean
Santa Rosa—Unity Cen, Masonic Temple
Sebastopol—Unity Cen, 501 Petaluma
Sierra Madre—Unity Cen, 270 W Central
S Pasadena—Unity Cen, 1141 Fremont
Stockton—Unity Cen, 822 N Center
Van Nuys—Unity Cen, 14424 Friar
Whittier—Unity Soc, 410 S Greenleaf

COLORADO

Colorado Springs—Unity Cen, DeGraff bldg
Denver—Publication Bk Store, 514 15th; Herrick Bk Co, 934 15th
Pueblo—Truth Cen, Congress Hotel

CONNECTICUT

Hartford—Unity Studio, Goodwin bldg; Unity Reading Rm, 750 Main
Stamford—Unity Soc, 4 South

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington—Unity Soc, 1326 I, NW

FLORIDA

Daytona Beach—Unity Cen, 110 N Beach
Jacksonville—Unity Cen, Seneca Hotel
Lakeland—Unity Cen, 321 S Mass
Miami—Unity Cen, Everglades Hotel
Orlando—Anna Nicholson, 417 Lake
St Petersburg—Unity Church, 646 5th Ave S
Tampa—First Unity Soc, 222 W Lafayette
W Palm Beach—Soc of Prac Chris, 412 N Olive

GEORGIA

Atlanta—Open Door, Chamber of Commerce

IDAHO

Boise—Unity Cen, 517 N 10th

ILLINOIS

Chicago—Unity Fellowship, 25 E Jackson blvd; Unity Soc, Capitol bldg; Home of Truth, Lake View bldg; Divine Science College, 1414 Straus bldg; Unity Cen, 4307 S Mich
Peoria—Unity College, 1821 Main
Rockford—Unity Cen, Stewart bldg
Springfield—Unity Cen, Mine Workers bldg

INDIANA

Indianapolis—Unity Cen, Kresge bldg; Truth Cen, 4455 Bdwy

IOWA

Cedar Rapids—Unity Cen, 728 4th Ave E
Davenport—Unity Cen, Whitaker bldg
Des Moines—Unity Cen, K P bldg
Sioux City—Truth Cen, Davidson bldg
Waterloo—Unity Cen, Lafayette bldg

KANSAS

Topeka—Unity Cen, Jayhawk Hotel
Wichita—Truth Cen, 420 Riverview

KENTUCKY

Lexington—Unity Cen, 581 W Main
Louisville—Truth Cen, 1322 S 4th; Unity Truth Cen, Ft Nelson Hotel

LOUISIANA

New Orleans—Unity Soc, 2000 Carondelet
Shreveport—Unity Class, 1196 Louisiana

MARYLAND

Baltimore—Mrs Metcalfe, 2133 Maryland

MASSACHUSETTS

Boston—Unity Cen, 25 Huntington; Meta Club, 25 Huntington; Home of Truth, 111 Newbury; Old Corner Bookstore, 50 Bromfield

MICHIGAN

Battle Creek—Book Nook, 90 Highway
Detroit—Unity Cen, 5057 Woodward
Flint—Unity Cen, 1141½ W Kearsley
Grand Rapids—Ida Bailey, 61 Sheldon
Kalamazoo—School of Chr, 209 W Dutton
Muskegon—Unity Cen, Occidental Hotel
Royal Oak—Unity Cen, 500 S Main

MINNESOTA

Duluth—Unity Cen, 215 W 2d
Minneapolis—Unity Cen, Lafayette bldg; F M Barrett, 2947 Park; Unity Soc, Plymouth bldg
St Paul—Unity Cen, Frontier bldg

MISSOURI

Kansas City—Unity Reading Rm, Waldheim bldg; Unity Cen, Jewell bldg; Unity Cen (colored), 2216 Brooklyn
St Joseph—Unity Cen, Empire Trust bldg
St Louis—First Unity Soc, Kings-Way hotel; First Divine Science Church, 3517 Wyoming; Unity Soc, 3658 W Pine

MONTANA

Bozeman—Unity Cen, 301 S Black
Helena—Meta Cen, Unitarian Church bldg

NEBRASKA

Lincoln—Unity Soc, 1548 O st
Omaha—Meta Lib, 307 Patterson bldg; Unity Cen, Courtney bldg

NEVADA

Reno—Unity Cen, 106 State

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Manchester—Home of Truth, 153 Concord

NEW JERSEY

Atlantic City—Temple of Truth, Central Pier
East Orange—Unity, 19 Washington
Haddonfield—Carrie Steinmetz, 252 Windsor
Newark—Unity Soc, Berwick hotel; Truth Cen, 97 S 10th
Plainfield—Unity Cen, Babcock bldg

NEW MEXICO

Albuquerque—Unity Rdg Rm, 210 N 6th
Raton—May Schleifer, 321 N 4th

NEW YORK

Brooklyn—Unity Soc, 50 Livingston
Buffalo—Unity Soc, Hotel Statler
Jamaica, L I—Unity Soc, 90-21 153d
New Rochelle—Unity Cen, 490 Main
New York—Unity Soc, 11 W 42d; Brentano's, 1 W 47th; Unity Class, 42 W 129th
Rochester—Unity Cen, Seneca Hotel
Schenectady—Unity Soc, 1029 University
Syracuse—Carter, 155 E Onondaga

OHIO

Akron—Unity Cen, Pythian Temple
Canton—Unity Soc, Harris Arcade bldg
Cincinnati—Unity Cen, 26 E 6th; New Thought Temple, 1401 E McMillan
Cleveland—Christian Unity, Old Arcade; Church of Truth, Hotel Olmstead
Columbus—Unity Cen, 80 W Starr
Dayton—Unity Cen, Dayton Industries bldg
Hamilton—Unity Temple, 117 Ross
Marion—New Thought Studies, 454 Summit
Toledo—Unity Cen, 404 W Bancroft
Warren—Unity Cen, 2d Nat'l Bank bldg

OKLAHOMA

Bartlesville—Truth Cen, 209 Central Nat'l Bank
Muskogee—Unity Cen, 803 W Bdwy
Okmulgee—Mrs G F Wyvell, Okmulgee bldg
Tulsa—Unity Reading Rm, 1242 S Boston; Mrs Wilson (col), 511 E Marshall

OREGON

Eugene—Unity Cen, Miner bldg
Portland—Unity Cen, 113 Park; Meta Lib, 405 Yamhill; A W Schmale, 380 Morrison; Meier & Frank

PENNSYLVANIA

Coudersport—D M Andrews, 107 S Main
Erie—Unity Cen, Reed Hotel
Philadelphia—Unity Cen, 236 S 13th; Chapel of Truth, 1600 Walnut
Pittsburgh—Unity Cen, 435 Penn
Wilkes Barre—Alice Sadler, 315 Miners' Bank bldg

TENNESSEE

Chattanooga—Unity Cen, James bldg
Memphis—Unity Cen, 148-50 Court
Nashville—Unity Cen, Tulane hotel

TEXAS

Dallas—Unity Cen, 1913½ Commerce
El Paso—Unity Temple, 305 E Franklin
Ft Worth—Unity Cen, Worth bldg
Houston—Unity Cen, New Majestic bldg
San Antonio—Unity Cen, Maverick bldg

UTAH

Salt Lake City—Unity Study Class, Cullen Hotel

WASHINGTON

Seattle—Seattle Cen, 1123 5th ave; Unity Soc, 421 Belmont N; Unity Soc, Henry bldg
Spokane—Metaphysical Book Sh, 821½ 1st; Church of Truth, 1124 W 6th
Tacoma—Unity Cen, 932½ Bdwy
Yakima—Church of Truth, 2d and B sts; Meta Cen, 301 N 2nd St

WISCONSIN

Madison—Unity Home of Truth, 1812 Van Hise
Milwaukee—Unity Cen, 3112 W Highland

AUSTRALIA

Adelaide—New Thought Soc, Darling bldg; Divine Science Cen, 99 King William
Brisbane—Unity Cen, Albert House
Perth—Albert & Sons, 130 Murray
Sydney—Harmony Cen, Dalton st, Chatswood; New Thought Home, Seaforth Crescent, Seaforth via Manly

CANADA

Calgary—Unity Cen, 221a 8th ave W
Edmonton—Unity Cen, 10576 104th
Montreal—Unity Cen, 1419 Drummond
Moose Jaw—Unity Cen, 73 High W
Ottawa—New Era Cen, 279 Elgin
Regina—Unity Cen, Westman Chambers
Saskatoon—Unity Cen, Canada bldg
Toronto—Unity Cen, 765A Yonge
Vancouver—Unity Church of Truth, 641 Granville
Victoria—Unity Cen, 739 Yates; New Thought Temple, 720½ Fort
Winnipeg—Unity Cen, 333½ Portage; Unity Assembly, 322 Donald

ENGLAND

Boscombe Hants—E Quinion, 20 Gordon rd
Cheshire—Annie Fairbank, 47 St Nicholas rd, Wallasy Village; Unity Cen, Glendor Mt Rd Upton B'head
Liverpool—Unity Cen, 125 Mt Pleasant
London—L N Fowler & Co, 7 Imperial arcade, E C 4; The Rally, 9 Percy st, (Tottenham Ct rd), W 4; Order of the Golden Age, 155 Brompton rd, S W 3

GERMANY

Heilbronn am Neckar—H A Hahn, Frankfurterstrasse 8

SOUTH AFRICA

Fairview, Johannesburg—Unity Bk Depot, 66 Grace

A Gift of Double Value

When a person is discouraged, fearful, or worried, Truth is the thing that he needs. Recognizing this need, Unity workers organized the Help-One-A-Month Club for the purpose of introducing Truth into as many new homes as possible. One Unity subscription a month to some friend is the slogan of every member.

For new readers of Unity magazines, we include with each subscription gift, *Wee Wisdom* excepted, a free copy of *The Unity Viewpoint*, a booklet by Ernest C. Wilson, which explains some of the metaphysical terms used and methods advocated by Unity School. This booklet is a great help to new students of Truth. In this way your gift of a Unity periodical carries a double value. Perhaps you would like to join the Help-One-A-Month Club, and begin by sending *Unity* magazine, together with *The Unity Viewpoint*, to some friend. Address your letter to 917 Tracy, Kansas City, Missouri.

Truth and March Winds

March is here, and you are glad for the winds. You know them to be Nature's agent, and you rejoice in their stirring, vitalizing life. But can you meet the winds of false doctrine, of fear, of disbelief in absolute good (God)? When these assail your mind, do you know how to stand steadfast through the indwelling Christ, overcoming the false with the true, conquering fear with faith, and abiding consciously in the presence of divine love?

God is ready to reveal the way to you. We, his helpers, in the Correspondence School, desire to teach you Truth principles. You will find yourself fortified against the winds of adversity, if you are willing to learn and to follow the Christ way. A card addressed to the Correspondence School, Unity, 917 Tracy, Kansas City, Missouri, will bring you complete information.

Spring is almost here, and right now you are thinking of cleaning house, of buying new things. How about your mental house? Now is the time to brush out the cobwebs of worry and doubt, and open the windows to the sunlight of new thoughts, new courage, and new hope.

In the first place it is a joy to know that, whatever the mistakes of the past, you can begin right now and make a new start. The booklet, *Beginning Again,* will show you the way. The price is 35 cents.

For your quiet hour you will find *The Book of Silent Prayer* a real comfort and help. This little booklet contains prayers to meet your every need. It sells for fifty cents. At the same price you can get our pocket-sized edition of the *New Testament,* with the words of the Master in bold-faced type. This little volume is cloth bound.

Have you ever asked yourself the question, "Why did this happen to me?" You may find the answer in "The Making of Character," an article by V. P. Randall, to appear in April *Unity* magazine. Why not send some friend a subscription to *Unity* as an Easter gift, letting his subscription start with the April number. The price of *Unity* is $1.50 a year.

An old stand-by is *Christian Healing,* by Charles Fillmore. This book is for advanced students of Truth. Its aim is to teach you how to become so unified with Spirit that the result will be complete harmony of body, mind, and soul. A cloth-bound book, price, $1; in fabrikoid, $2.

Another book for advanced students is *Selected Studies,* by Imelda Octavia Shanklin. This book contains some of Miss Shanklin's most forceful writings on Truth. In paper binding, price, 75 cents; in cloth, $1.50.

Lessons in Truth, by H. Emilie Cady, will help you to put your mental house in order, to replace old thoughts with new ones. If you are just beginning the study of Truth, you will find this book a wonderful help. In cloth binding; price, $1; in fabrikoid, $2.

A change of diet is helpful in the spring. Why not send for *The Science of Food and Cookery,* with its practical vegetarian recipes. This book, beautifully bound in cloth, is priced at $2.50. Speaking of vegetarian recipes—have you ever visited *Unity Inn,* our vegetarian cafeteria, located at Ninth and Tracy in Kansas City? It is a favorite resort both for Kansas Citians and for out-of-town folks. Healthful, palatable food, in pleasant surroundings—this is what you will find at *Unity Inn.*

New hope and new courage! These are what the world needs. *The Sunlit Way,* by Ernest C. Wilson, and *Creed of the Dauntless,* by F. B. Whitney, radiate both these qualities from every page. Both books are friendly and practical, and they plant in the reader's heart a desire to know more about Truth. Price of each book, $1; in cloth binding. *Creed of the Dauntless* comes in fabrikoid also, price $2.

Here is a real tribute from a reader: "Inclosed find $1, for which please send me the wonderful book, *Remember.* I lent my copy months ago, and it seems to be doing so much good for others that I do not want to ask for it back." *Remember* was written by Lowell Fillmore. A cloth-bound book.

"Fill your conscious mind with prospering thoughts and you have no poverty thoughts," says the book, *Be Ye Prospered,* by Ruthanna Schenck. This book will help you to pour your energy and power into thoughts of abundance. It discusses the subject of prosperity from a practical as well as a scientific standpoint. In cloth binding, price, $1.

What Are You?, by Imelda O. Shanklin, will help you to study yourself, and to discover your true relationship to God. A cloth-bound book, price, $1.

The listening attitude of mind makes possible new and wonderful experiences. Many persons want to know just how to reach this state of mind. These will find help in *Methods of Meditation,* a booklet written by Jennie H. Croft, which gives four definite steps by which to go into the silence. The price of the booklet is 35 cents.

Unity Books and Booklets

For Beginners	Caroline Napier ..... English or *German*	$ .50
	Directions for Beginners	.25
	Directions for Beginners ..... *Spanish*, $.10; *German*	.25
	Lessons in Truth ..... fabrikoid $2; cloth	1.00
	Lessons in Truth ..... *French, Swedish, Italian, Norwegian*, $.75; *German, Spanish, Dutch*	1.00
	*Lovingly in the Hands of the Father ..... fabrikoid $2; cloth	1.00
	Miscellaneous Writings ..... fabrikoid $2; cloth	1.00
	Miscellaneous Writings ..... *Italian, French, German*	.75
	Unity's Statement of Faith	.10
On Healing	Christian Healing ..... fabrikoid $2; cloth	1.00
	Christian Healing ..... *French* $.75; *German*	1.00
	Divine Remedies ..... fabrikoid	2.00
	Divine Remedies ..... *French*	.75
	Heal Thyself ..... cloth	1.00
On Prosperity	*Adventures in Prosperity ..... fabrikoid $2; cloth	1.00
	Be Ye Prospered ..... cloth	1.00
	Spiritual Law in Business, The	.25
On the Silence	Methods of Meditation	.35
	The Silence	.50
Pertaining to the Home	Child Unfoldment ..... cloth	1.00
	Science of Food and Cookery, The ..... cloth	2.50
	Truth in the Home	.75
Inspirational	*All Things Made New ..... fabrikoid $2; cloth	1.00
	Beginning Again	.35
	Creed of the Dauntless ..... fabrikoid $2; cloth	1.00
	Faith That Removes Mountains ..... *German*	.25
	Finding the Christ	.25
	Finding the Christ ..... *German, Spanish, Swedish*	.25
	Holy Bread	.10
	Remember ..... cloth	1.00
	Sunlit Way, The ..... cloth	1.00
	What Are You? ..... cloth	1.00
Devotional	Bible, American Standard Edition	4.50
	Book of Silent Prayer	.50
	*Metaphysical Bible Dictionary	10.00
	New Testament, American Standard Edition	.50
	Journey of Jesus ..... paper $1; cloth	2.00
	Truth in Song	.50
	Unity Song Selections ..... cloth	1.00
	When Ye Pray	.50
For Advanced Study	Inner Vision	.50
	Selected Studies ..... paper, $.75; cloth	1.50
	Talks on Truth	.75
	*Twelve Powers of Man, The ..... fabrikoid $2; cloth	1.00
Juvenile	Aunt Joy's Nature Talks	.75
	Little Susie Sleep Ears	.75
	Love's Roses	.25
	Treasure Box	.50
	Wee Wisdom's Way	.75
	White Stockings and Other Tales	.75

*Latest Unity Publications

UNITY SCHOOL OF CHRISTIANITY
917 Tracy, Kansas City, Mo.

. . . . . *There is no limit to your supply but the limit that you put upon it* . . . . . .

"How can I limit my supply?" you may ask. You can do this by believing yourself to be subject to lack and limitation. Whatever you believe about yourself, that is the thing that will manifest in your life. Can you conceive of the Creator as being limited in any way? No; and you, His child, are not limited either, except as you believe yourself to be.

Our Prosperity Bank drill will help you to realize that God, who created the universe, can supply anything that you need, and that you have but to establish this belief in order to share His unfailing abundance.

At your request we shall send you a Prosperity Bank, and Silent Unity will begin to pray with you that you may let go all thoughts of limitation, and realize your sonship to God. Full instructions will be sent with the bank, and you will receive a prayer to be used in coöperation with Silent Unity's efforts in your behalf. At the same time you will find the bank plan a convenient way in which to save to send *Unity* magazine to friends. The blank below is for your convenience.

UNITY SCHOOL OF CHRISTIANITY,
917 Tracy, Kansas City, Mo.

Please send me a Prosperity Bank with full instructions for its use. I desire the prayers of Silent Unity.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

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UNITY DAILY WORD

Praised by an Editor

"I find Unity Daily Word, *with its 365 lessons each year, the most inspiring publication that I have ever read."*

We rejoice in this word of praise from one who for twenty-two years was the editor and publisher of a successful school journal. To inspire its readers—this is the aim of *Unity Daily Word*, and we are happy to know that this reader has found it truly inspiring.

Unity Daily Word is a monthly magazine with a page for every day. Each lesson begins with an affirmation, which is supported by a reference from the Bible. Explanatory paragraphs are a part of each lesson.

This little magazine directs your thoughts into constructive channels, teaching you how to rid your mind of worry, fear, and doubt; how to demonstrate abundance, to build up health, to gain new freedom, new vision. It is ever ready with its helpful lessons, sensing your daily needs, and offering you encouragement and inspiration.

Unity Daily Word has a message for you. Why not subscribe for it today, and begin to avail yourself of its help. The price of a year's subscription is $1.50.

Unity School of Christianity
917 Tracy, Kansas City, Mo.

The harmonizing presence of the Christ is abroad in the world, and His peace is established in the hearts of all people